

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# ALICE, THE FISHER GIRL:

# THE OLD MAN OF THE WRECK.

A Story of Old England and the Ocean.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

CHAPTER I.

ORTANT CONFERENCE

TWEEN Dunwich and Aldborrough, about half way, on the coast of Suffolk, there is a small indentation in this empties a small internation way to it hardly deserves the name of river, for it is but a moderate sized

river, for it is but a moderate sized and the scenery upon its bank is delightful in the extreme. The shore of the inter into which is empires in mostly a smooth, level beach, and at a short distance out the water is quite deep the stream is mostly a smooth, level beach, and at a short distance out the water is quite deep the stream of the stream, and at a short distance from the sea, was situated a large and the stream of the stream the st

ing was an extensive garden, well stocked with the choicest fruits, both foreign and domestic, and regularly dotted with arbors and little articial lakelets.

At the time on which our story opens, the occupants of the hall were Sir William Brentford, his son Thomas, a young man five-and-twenty-gars of age, and a girl named Belinda Warner. This latter person was an orphan, and connected with the old baronet by way of marriage. Her father was an earl, and very wealthy, and at his death, which occurred a few years previous to the time of which we write, he gave his child in charge to Sir William, and also placed his vast property in the same keeping. Besides these there were any number of servants, both male and female, for the wealthy baronet kept a great sable, and lived for the animal tuxries of life.

There had been a sort of hope before Lord Warner died, that Belinda and Thomas Brent-ford should marry with each other, but such was not to be the case, for, after an intimate acquaint-ance of some five years they were only on the terms of common friendship, and totally without love for each other, nor did there seem to be any probability that their hearts would ever call for a closer union.

Thomas Brentford was a good-looking youth, with black hair and black eyes, of medium size, and of ordinary intelligence. His features were regular, but they bor in every line the characteristics of the epicure. And then he was a social companior, and his society was much sought by those of his equals who were used to his mode of life. And then the young man had some love of the beautiful, too, and in many cases his appreciations with his hearing towards his inferiors was haughty and overbearing. Yet he was a social companior, and his society was much sought by those of his equals who were used to his mode of life. And then the young man had some love of the beautiful, too, and in many cases his appreciations of the negative kind. He had but few positive qualities, being almost entirely the creaters of minubes and passion.

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rather low and contracted. Yet when Belinda Warner was perfectly good-natured she looked well enough, and at such times she might even have been called pretty. But she was not always good natured. Very often was she sulky and peevish, and she had a peculiar faculty of making herself misemble without any just cause.

Sir William had seen the noon of life, and his frame was still stowards their evening. He had lived the full span of three-score-and ten, and his frame was still stout and strong. His head was bald upon the top, and the hair which clustered about his neck and ears was silvered and crisp. His eyes were of a deep, dark bluo, and their light was often dim and flickering. He had seasons of strange melancholy, and it required much social lenity to bring him out to real enjoyment. Whenever he was left alone the clouds came upon his brow, and the sall light dwelt in his eyes. He liked not to be left alone much, but he could not keep company now as in former years. He could not keep company now as in former years. He could not keep company now as in former years. He could not keep company now as in former years. He could not keep company now as in former years. He could not keep company now as in former years. He could not keep company now has in former years. He could not keep company now has in former years. He could not hold the risn as of old. Yet the old baronet had much for his limbs refused their accustomed duty in the saddle, and his hand could not hold the rein as of old. Yet the old baronet had much company, and he still enjoyed something of life. Most people thought him a happy old man, for he lived his pleasures before the world, while what of sorrows he had were hidden from the

Most people thought him a happy old man, for lived his pleasarce before the world, while what of sorrows he had were hidden from the world's gaze.

It was a clear afternoon in early summer, and the lawn and the garden of Linden Hall were clothed in their regal robes of foliage and flowers. There was a layer ramble of wheels in the distance upon the Dunwich road, and the old barontheaver in the heart of the heart of the most heart of the heart of the most heart of the flower of the heart of the heart of the heart of the said, as he walked out upon the broad piazza; and his words proved true, for soon afterwards a heavy travelling carriage came rolling up one of the broad avenues that led through the park. Sir William forgot his gout-for he had a touch of that disease in his feet—he forgot his gout, for he recognized the livery of the positions.

Ere long the carriage was at the landing steps, and in an moment more a hale old man—or rather a middle-aged man—jumped out upon the piazza. "Lord Tiverton, upon my soul," exclaimed the baronet, hastening forward and grasping the mex-comer's hand. "Why bless you, old boy, the sight of you is like an angel—the angels we eep ainted, and read about. If a, ha, ha."

Tiverton returned the old man and full, betaver of the was a portly, healthy-looking man, yet in the prime of life, a good liver, and one who seemed to enjoy the good things of earth with all zest. His face, which was round and full, betaved considerable good nature and kindness of heart, but at the same time the physiognomist would not have failed to detect the signs of a quick temper and a most stubborn will. Lord Tiverton and Sir William Brentford had long been on terms of the utmost intimacy, and their friendship was mutual and abdiding.

Wine was drank, and all the affairs of the day which nessented the least interest were discussed.

been on terms of the utmost intimacy, and their friendship was mutual and abiding.

Wine was drank, and all the affairs of the day which presented the least interest were discussed, and then there came a lull in the conversation. Dinner was eaten, and the lamps were brought in, and then Tiverton opened the especial basi-ness which had brought him down from Hamphire.

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"Sir William," he said, shoving his glass one side, and drawing his chair closer up, "you have a girl—a ward—living with you?"

"Yes," returned the baronet, turning around and elevating his eyebrows. "Yes."

"And who is she !"

"Sigad, my Lord Tiverton, what'll my lady of Winchester say if—"

"No more of that, Sir William," interrupted the earl, with a laugh. "Just answer my questions, and you shall know what I want. "Now who is this girl !"

"Well, her, there was the Real of Inworth."

tions, and you shall know with who is this girl?"
"Well, her father was the Earl of Ixworth. You remember it was a title made on purpose for him in consideration of his services on the Peninsular. The title died when he died, but

e revenue of ten thousand a year comes to the

girl." aris good," said Tiverton, with an air of appreciation. "That's decidedly good. Now how old is the girl?" "Just eighteen, I believe—perhaps a few months over."

"And that's good," continued the earl, with ident satisfaction. "And is the girl good-

"And that's good," continued the earl, with orident satisfaction. "And is the girl good-looking?"

"Well, as for that, every man must be his own judge. I call her a fair-looking girl."

"And her disposition?"

"So-so," replied Sir William, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Most of the time she is pretty good-natured. But she aint ugly—not a bit of it—only sometimes she scene to be a little skill, like. It is natural, you know, to some. But on the whole I call Belinda Warner a good sort of a girl."

"Ah, Belinda, her name is ?"

"Yes, and let me tell you that I've seen girls a good deal worse than she is."

"Now, one question more: Have you any particular plans laid out with regard to her future life?"

"Why—as for that—I should say, not exactly. Idid mean that she should marry with my son Tom; but Tom is a graceless dog—he wont do it."

"Then you would like to have her for a daughters in law will s''

"Then you would like to have her for a daugh-

"What!" exclaimed the earl, starting to his feet and bringing the elenched fist of the right hand into the plan of the left with an expressive movement. "Do you think my son would dare to disobey me! By heavens, let him try it! I'd disinheris the dog as quickly as I'd tread on a spider. I'd turn him out upon the world to beg his bread. I would—I would—by the powers, I would I'd the disobey his fadher? He knows better—ahs—the dog knows better."
Tiverton sank down into his chair, and when he saw the smile upon Sir William's face, he wondered if he hadn't been making himself slightly ridiculous.
"Excuse me," he added, while the passion-marks left his face. "Excuse me, my old friend; but this idea of my son's disobeying my orders rather touched me. But never fear on that account. Just say that I may have her, and I'll answer for the rest. She shall be a wife in less than a twelvemonth."

"You shall have her," replied the beronet, 'and I shall be glad to see the girl so well settled. I don't know of another family in the kingdom I'd rather see her untured with."

"So, that's settled," said the cart; and as he spoke he poured out a glass of wine, and then her her be no more thing I want you to do. You must open the subject to the girl, and tell her to treat Albion as well as she can

a boy, and then they had been most joyful companions, and Thomas promised himself much pleasure in the society of the youth now. All the forencon he watched, and jast as he was about giving up with hunger and fatigue, he discovered a white sail coming around the heights of Aldborough. He hastened down to the little bay where one of his father's boats was in readiness, and having got the boatmen seated at their oars he pat off. Yet he had some time longer to wait, for it was full half an hour before the transport came up and hove-to, but when she did do so, Thomas was quickly at the gangway way, and as soon as his boat's painter was occured inboard he went up over the side. Near the gangway he saw a yong man dressed in the uniform of a midshipman, and he at once recognised him as Alibion Tiverton.

"Al., my boy, don't you know me?" cried Thomas, removing his hat, and leaning ferward.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"Els ? "Tis Tom Brentford—old Tom him-self," said Albion.
"Not very old, though," returned Tom, laugh-ing, as he stepped forward and seized his friend by the hand. "But come—my boat is along-side, and we'll be off."
As soon as young Tiverton had returned the salutation, he turned to the commander of the transport and informed him that a boat was alongside for him. Acceptingly the midship-man's luggage was soon on deek, and with the assistance of four stout men it was lowered into the boat. Albion exchanged warm farewells with the officers of the vessel, and then he followed Tom to the boat. The painter was cast off, the boat's head shoved around, and soon afterwards the transport filled away and stood on her course again:

boat's head shoved around, and soon afterwards the transport filled away and stood on her course again."

Albion Tiverton was, as the reader is already sawne, only twenty years of age, but he was a stout, full-built youth, with a vast quantity of bone and sinew. In stature he was about medium height, straight and broad shouldered, with a full, expanded chest, and ample, well-proportioned limbs. His eyes were of a deep, dark brown, and his features perfectly regular and symmetrical. His face was somewhat bronzed by long exposure to sunshine and storm, but that did not detract from his real manly beauty. There was much contrast between the two friends. Thomas Brentford had none of Albion's sunny smiles and sparkling humor, nor did his face show any of that depth of soul which beams and forth from the contensaned, but his smiles only came from the physical man with sensual beauty and had bloom Tiveton betrayed none of that haughtiness that generally marked the bearing of Brentford when in contact with inferiors. Yet the two were destined to find much bearing of Brentford was not low or immoral pleasure. And Albion Tiveton betrayed none of the sharing state of the contrast the sense of honor, and he will to be size upon pleasure wherever they could ful it. But Thomas Brentford was not low or immoral in his mind or habits; but, on the contrary, he had a nice sense of honor, and he would have second to do a mean or degrading thing.

"I say, Tom," uttered the midshipman, when the boat was about half way ashore, "where's the governout?" "You mean your father?"

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You mean your father ?"

" Of course."
" He's at the hall."
" So I feared. Why couldn't he clear out before I came!"
" But you aint afraid of him!" suggested Brentford.

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"O, no. He's one of the best fathers in the world. Only I shall be sure to get a regular lecture now, and I'd rather kiss the boatswain's daughter any time."

"Kiss the boatswain's daughter p" queried Tom." Yes. Don't you know what that means !"

"Upon my soul I don't."

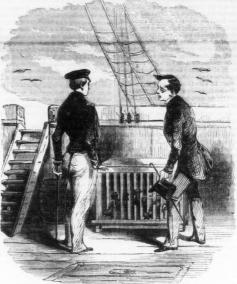
"Upon my soul I don't."

"Upon my soul I don't."

"Old, I'll tell you. You see when a middy happens to go it revy strong on the wrong tack he sometimes get's a taste of the cat, or a rope's end, and to facilitate that delectable operation, Mr. Middy is lashed to the breech of agun. He has to ben'd over and hug the gun with both arms—and that is called kissing the boatswain's daughter! but I never saw it done. They don't try it much now. But shout the governor: He'll just be sure to give me my orders in regular sequence. But never mind—we're in for fun, and I'm mistaken if we don't have it, eh '"

"Of course we will," cried Tom, and thremyon they both joined in a shout of merriment, which ended by Albion's singing a song about one King William of England, who was once in the royal navy, and by the time he had finished second verse, Tom took up the chrous!

"Then meemates past along the groy—We'll didth geough to seld a begi."



MEETING BETWEEN BRENTFORD AND TIVERTON .- SEE CHAP. I.

"Yes; but it's past all hope. Tom wont marry, and I don't think she will have him. The truth is, my Tom is a proud fellow—perhaps a little too proud—and the girl is about as proud as he is; is on see they don't gibe."

"Now," resumed Tiverton, after a few memts' silence, "I'l tell you my business. You know my son—Albion, his name is—is in than already received the highest encomisms from his superiors. He is now a passed-midshipman, and his commission for a lieutenanty is already made out and signed by the admiralty. But the truth is, the young dog is too wild, and they wont give him his epasiettes until he calms down a little. He is only twenty years old, but I'm determined to marry him to somebody. He's got some queer notions, and "will take considerable of a girl to suit him, but if you say you'l give your ward up, he shall marry her at any rate. Now what say you?"

"Of course I will, with all my heart. To be sure, it'll make a hole in my family, and I shall issee Beinford a good deal. But you shall baxe her for a wife."

"I'l will take her," repeated the earl, with marked emphasis. "By the dome of St. Paul's," he added, bringing his fist down upon the table, "if I asy so, the matter is settled. He will do as I bid him."

"Then you can do more with your son than I can do with mine," remarked Sir William.

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On the following morning Thomas Brentford was early on the watch for the transport. He was some five years older than Albion Tiverton, but he had known the young midshipman when



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By the time the boat reached the shore the carsmen, who were all in the employ of the baronet, had made up their minds that the young midshipman was a capital fellow, and they conceived a strong attachment for him forthwith. There was something in his very face that made them love him, and when he slapped them on the shoulder and bade them join in the chorus of his song, they inwardly swore that while they lived he should never want for a friend. That was the way the youth often made first impressions.

lived he should never want for a friend. That was the way the youth often made first impressions.

It was near the middle of the afternoon when Albion reached Linden Hall, and he was soon introduced to its inmates. The old baronet was glad to see him, and so was his father; and the face of Belinda wore an extra wreath of smiles as he held out her hand for the handsome young officer to shake. Sir William had been instructing her, and she had promised to do the best she could. And her duty was not likely to be a very hard one, for she liked the youth the moment abe looked upon him.

Lord Tiverton held a long consultation with the baronet upon the subject of informing Albion of his intentions, and it was finally concluded that the young man should not at present know why he was to remain at Linden Hall. Perhaps, if he were told of what his fate was to be, he might at once, in a spirit of rebellion, conceive a dislike for the girl, and that would not answer. So Albion was to remain in ignorance of his father's intentions for one month, and during't that time he was to be thrown into Belinda's company as much as possible, and she was to make herself as agreeable as could be. Lord Tiverton saw Bellinda alone, and he found that the was already smitten with the earl not a little, and it moreover made the maid-can more comely in his eyes. In fact, he was convinced that Belinda Warner would make his loy a most excellent wife, besides having the faculty of holding his wild passions in check.

On the next day Tiverton took his leave, promising to call again in one month. Albion bade him good-by with a full beaut, and wy most excellent wife, besides having the faculty of holding his wild passions in check.

On the next day Tiverton took his leave, promising to call again in one month. Albion bade him good-by with a full beaut, and promised to behave himself as he one month. Albion bade him good-by with a full beaut, and promised to be have himself as he one month. But did love his father, and tears stood in his eyes when he

saw the old family carriage roll off. But the stout eard did not know the whole heart of his boy.

Now the two young men were left for a while to themselves, and they enjoyed their sports with zest, and for several days they were left to hunt and fish, and to ride and walk, as they pleased. Thus a week passed away, and at the end of that time Sir William remembered that he had business at Ipswich, and Thomas must accompany him. To this arrangement all manner of objections were made, but the baronet overruied them all. Then Tom was determined that Albion should accompany hem, but to this the old man objected. He would not have Bellinda left alone. Master Tom expressed some very hard whishee concerning business and Bellinda, but to Ipswich he went with his father, and young Tiveron was left to take care of Bellinda, the baronet only meaning to be gone one night. They young officer did not feel very much at home in Miss Warner's company, for he had seen enough of her to know that her disposition and habits were not at all congenial with his own; yet he resolved to make himself as agreeable as possible on the present occasion, and as soon as they were seated in the drawing-room for the evening he commenced to remark on the difference between life on shore and life upon the ocean. She listened very attentively, but only replied in monosyllables. Next he tried to get some conversation from her by asking questions, and that all she said was lisped out with a sort of school-girl timidity, which was not at all in accordance with the expression which Dame Nature had written upon her face. He saw very plainly that this was all affected, and it disgusted him.

Belinda did at length talk some, but what she said was only a mass of meaningless twaddle which had neither sense nor thought. She arose once to move the curtains, and when she sat down again she took a seat nearer to the young man than was the one she had before occupied. There was something in her tone and manner which Albion could not fathom. She seemed to lean towards him with a strange sort of interest, and yet the light of her countenance betrayed nothing save childish affectation. At length, after all other subjects were exhausted, the young man happened to think of something he had seen, and he seized upon it as a subject for question.

"Ah Miss Warmer." and he resize the principle of the same property of Belinda did at length talk some, but what she

hausted, the young man happened to think of something he had seen, and he seized upon it as a subject for question.

"Ath, Miss Warmer," said he, trying to look animated, "I saw you speaking with a young lady last evening in the park. Who was she!"

"O," returned Belinda, answering more quickly than she had before done, "that was only a poor fisher-girl who sometimes comes up here to the hall with fish. I was not conversing with her, sit—only answering a question. I would not refuse to answer a simple question, even to one so low as she."

"Then sho is low, is the!"

"Very low," answered Belinda, with an expression of pity mingled with disgust. "Yery low."

pression of pity mingled with disgust. "Very low."

"Ah, I am sorry to see a young female fallen so early in life."

"Fallen?" repeated Belinda.

"You said she was very low."

"O, yes, certainly; and she always was. She has not fallen, hat I know of; but her occupation and station in society—they are low."

"Then the girl is virtuous and honest?"

"I suppose so. I don't know anything to the contrary. Indeed I hope so, for I could not wish harm even to one so low as she is."

For some moments Allion did not speak. There were two strong emotions at work in his bosom. First, he was gratified to find that the poor girl was not what he had a first been led to fear; and second, he had discovered a new feature in his companion's character, and its charact

"I noticed the girl," he at length said, "and I thought her appearance was very neat and be-coming. Does she live with her parents?" "She lives with her mother—she has no father."

coming. Does she live with her parents?"

"She lives with her mother—she has no father."

"And she is a fisher-girl, you say 1"

"Yes, she catches fish in the river. She has permission from Sir William—and I have no doubt that she takes quite a number. I think I have heard that she supports her mother."

"Do you know her name?"

"Alice Woodley, I think. I have been so told. I never saked her, for I make no conversation with such persons—I don't think it safe. Once I suffered some familiarity on the part of a low-born girl, and afterwards she even bowed to me in the street while I was in company with several ladies of my acquaintance. It was very annoying, I saure you."

"It must have been," uttered Albion, with ill-concealed contempt.

"O, it most surely was," added Belinda, totally unable to see the hint contained in the young man's tone and manner.

The conversation continued for some time longer, and when young Tiverton retired for the hopony man's tone and manner.

The conversation continued for some time longer, and when young Tiverton retired for the night he had seen pretty clearly through Miss Warner's character; and he had done this the more clearly from the fact that he had not pre-meditated any such plan. She had opened her natural disposition, and it was a most unpleasant one to him. Upon his noble, generous heart her matural disposition, and it was a most unpleasant one to him. Upon his noble, generous heart her mallenses of human feeling strack most chillingly. Naturally of an open and frank disposition, and with all his father's manhood added to his mother's kindness of beart, his life upon the wild ocean had served to develop more fully the real characteristics of his nature. He had never learned how to dissemble or affect, and its made in the substitute of the content of the same than the roughtest exteriors. So he never looked puon the outer person for the thing he was to love or dislike. The wild ocean had served to develop more fully the real characteristics of his nature. He had never learn

AN ADVENTURE, WITH A CALAMITY.

AN ADVENTURE, WITH A CALAMIT.

On the following morning Albiou met Belinda in the breakfast-room, and he caught her just as she was in the act of throwing a pewter basin at the head of one of the serving-women. She turned very red when she saw the young officer, and she would have stammered forth some apology, but he did not stop to hear it. He passed directly out through the wide porch into the garden, and there he remained until the bell rang for breakfast. He went in, but Belinda was not at the table, and he was glad of it. He finished the meal, and then taking his hat he stroiled off alone towards the little bay which formed the mouth of the river. He reached the shore and at down upon a rock, and he was very lone-

alone towards the little bay which formed the mouth of the river. He reached the shore and ast down upon a rock, and he was very lone-some. He wished that Tom were with him, but Tom would not return till evening, and he must pass the day alone, for he was determined not to go back to Miss Warner's company.

As he sat there upon the rock he looked off upon the other side of the bay, near the sea coast, and he saw a small cot, surrounded by rose-bushes and shrubbery, and he wondered if that was not where the Wildow Woodley lived. It seemed a charming spot, and he thought he should like to find an excuse for visiting it, but he knew them not, and as for framing a false-hood for the purpose, he had no such desire. Yet thought he should like to see the girl whom he had once seen in conversation with Belinda. He had never seen her face, but he knew that her form was exquisite—and then he knew that he had native grace, too, for he had seen it in her movements.

"Sometime labell we have"

ite nan enver seen her izee, but ne knew that she had native grace, too, for he had seen it in her movements.

"Sometime I shall see her," he murmured to himself. "She comes to the hall with fish, and —— But what is she to me! Pehaw!"

Then Albion's eye chanced to fall upon one of Sir William's pleasure-boats, and on the instant he determined to take a sail. The boat was sloop rigged, and a pretty heavy one, but the young man knew that he could manage it, and without more reflection he sprang on board as small dory that lay upon the sand and soon paddled out to the sloop. He made the dory's painter fast to the same buoy to which the larger craft was made fast, and then got on board the cutter. It was but short work for him to east loose the sails and let go the bow-fast, and in a few moments more the sloop was standing out to sea with both sheets hauled close home, for the wind came in from the northward and east-ward, and was quite fresh, but none too fresh to suit the taste of the adventurer.

Albion found that his boat was an excellent sailer, and that she had also been used for small parties, for there were some tons of ballast beneath her floor consisting of snugly-packed tiers of pig-iron. She answered the least change in the helm quickly, and hish et the least change in the helm quickly, and had up to the wind like a spanker. On he went, with the spary leaping of like snow to the leaward, and while he thus saile the could not help thinking if Miss Warner missed him. And he laughed outright as the idea presented itself.

At length he went about and stood upon the opposite tack, and thus he stood on until he was very near to the cot where he supposed Alice proposite tack, and thus he stood on until he was very near to the cot where he supposed Alice A length he went about and stood upon the opposite tack, and thus he stood on until he was very near to the cot where he supposed Alice present step, the same form at the door of the cot, but he was running dangerously near the shore, and he put about again, an

and he wondered if it belonged to Alice. Then he said "pulsace" again as the thought came to him of how foolish he was making himself in thus thinking of a perfect stranger, whose face, even, he had never seen.

On stood the noble boat, and with a feeling of old friendship did the youth snuff up the fresh sir. And as he sailed, and steered his craft just which way suited him best, he began to imagine himself the commander of a ship; and he saw officers bowing to him, and half a thousand men awaiting his command. Then he commanded a steet, and his broad pendant floated proudly from the mash-head.

Albion Tiverton forgot the past, and his soul was stretching away into the future. He was a man now—he forgot the wild pranks of the boy, and the mad schemes of the impulsive youth. He saw long years of manhood in the track he had passed over, and he felt himself respected and honored for the glories he had gathered to himself. The youth had more ambition was noble, too. In his soul he was determined that if gray hairs ever covered his head they should be honored ones. He often thought of this.

Thus the youth sailed on in his day-dream, heeding not that the hour of high noon had passed. The breeze was fresh and sweet, and the sky was clear as the brow of an angel. His face was turned toward the broad bosom of the German heeding not that the hour of high noon had passed. The breeze was fresh and sweet, and the sky was clear as the brow of an angel. His face was turned toward the broad bosom of the German form. He saw her plainly, and he saw turned toward the broad bosom of the German form. He saw her plainly, and he saw her smile, and half-stretched out his arm to embrace her. While thus he gas deal his angel. His face was turned toward the broad hosom of the deamender. He held the helm has a better him his day-dream changed. He held the helm of his nor about him.

On he flew, and his day-dream changed. He held the helm of his nor about him. He saw her smile, and half-stretched out his arm to embrace her. While the saw

tinguish the dim line where the shore came down to the sea.

Albion Tiverton uttered an exclamation of surprise as he saw how far he had sailed, and more surprised still was he when he looked up and saw the sun far down from its zenith on the road to evening. With hurried, yet careful movements, he put his bark before the wind, and started back towards the shore he had feft. Now the light bark fairly flew over the water, and ere long our youthful adventurer could see where the bay of the Mundham river indented the coast. Proudly carected the boat to the fresh breeze, and the straining sheets seemed all nerve and muscle. Albion laughed at the rolling seas as he swiftly overtook them and left them behind. He looked sheed, and straight towards the bay he went, but he was not upon the same track by which he had goos out. His several tacks had evroked his course while outward-bound, but now be sailed in a direct line for his point of departure.

crooked as course whise outward-bound, out now he sailed in a direct line for his point of departure.

He looked ahead, and already could he detect even the rocks that lay upon the shore, and to the right he could see the small cot among the toselushes and sweet thorns. He thought he saw a female form upon the doorstone of the humble dwelling. It was a female, and she waved a handkerchief in her hand. Then she started down towards the beach, and the 'kerchief was again waved high above her head. It was the maiden, for the marron could not have moved so quickly to the seaside. Our hero looked about upon the broad expanse of waters, for he expected to see some other boat to which this signal was made, but none was in sight. He alone dwelt there upon the waters of the coast. Could it be that she was waring this signal to him? He looked again, and still was the maiden swinging the 'kerchief above her head. He saw her plaintly, her long, loose hair floating wildly in the wind, her feet fairly washed by the waves, and the signal still given to the breeze.

swinging the 'kerchief above her head. He saw her plainty, her long, loose hair floating wildly in the wind, her feet fairly washed by the waves, and the signal still given to the breeze.

What could it mean?
Once more Albion looked towards the bay, and as his eye spanned the distance he detected a spot directly ahead where the waves rolled uncernly and were broken. The boat was flying on like a frightened dolphin, and the strangely marked place was directly under the hows.

Albion started to his feet and utteged a cry of horror. With all his might he pushed his helm down, but 'twas too late. The sunken rocks which he knew not of were in waiting, and which he host struck. There was a stunning crash. The boat struck. There was a stunning crash. The then there came a tremulous motion, and directly the stricken bark sank over upon her side, and Albion Tiverton feet the cold flood swallowing him up. The blow of falling had not hart him, and the moment be found himself in the water he put forth all his strength and crose to the surface. The boat still remained fixed upon the rocks, but he had been washed one distance to the lesward. His first impulse was to swim back to the boat, but this he found impossible—his clothing cumbered him, and against the insetting sca he could make no headway. As soon as he was fully assured that he could not swim back to the boat, he cast his eyes quickly about him to see if anything had floated fully high the could graps by a sistance. Within reach he saw a board—it was one of the light quarter-thwast—and he seized it, and it heliped to bea him up.

The youth cast one more longing look upon the capsized boat, but he knew that he could not reach it, and the, with a fervent prayer upon his lips, he struck out for the distant shore.

It was distant—a long, dismal distance—but the swimmer prayed that he might reach it. The board was some assistance, but only a very little—he had to exert all his strength to rise above the surface as wave after wave knocked him under. Once he looked towards the cot where he had seen the maiden, but he could see her no more. But he knew now, though, why she had waved her signal.

At length the youth's strength began to fail him. He cast his weakening gaze upon the shore, and it was yet a long, long way off. His limbs were becoming numb, and his strokes grew weaker and more weak. Still he struck wildly out, and held the frail hoard beneath him. One more he looked for the shore, but he could not see it. He could only see a dim, rold, chaotic space about him, and he could hear the raising of the waters over his head. His limbs still had motion, and still he raised his head above the flood.

Once Albion leaped wildly up with the last effort of his departing strength, and the board slift from under him—and then he began to sink. He knew that the ocean graw was opening beneath him, but he had no power to escape it. All his energies were gone—all, all. He felt the board strike him upon the shoulder, and it hand him the heart and hen some fragments of the splinters became tangled in his hair, and it kept him from sinking. At least, such were the thoughts that ran through his bewildered mind. He was conscious of pain about the head, as though some mighty power were tearing his hair out by the roots. There was a struggle—a slipping of something about his shoulders that felt like the cold folds of an anake, and the out had sense enough to feel that some dwellers of the splinters became tangled in his hair, and it kept him from sinking. At least, such were the thoughts that ran through his bewildered mind. He was conscious of pain about the head, as though some mighty power were tearing his hair out by the roots. There was a struggle—a slipping of something about his shoulders that felt the board strike him upon the moust

IOW A FATHER'S PLANS ARE PROGRESSIN

NOW A PATHEM'S PLANS ARE PROGRESSING.

ALBION TIVERATON opened his eyes, and the broad light of day shone upon him. He felt but little pain—only a parched sensation about the mouth, and a numbrose of his limbs. The memory of a frightful dream came over him, and he closed his eyes to think. He remembered that he had taken a boat and sailed out upon the sea, and he remembered how far he had gone. Then came the memory of the signal from the shore, he had taken a boat and sailed out upon the sea, and he remembered how far he had gone. Then came the memory of the signal from the shore, and of the sunken rocks. Then he recollected of being thrown into the water, and of the life-struggles that followed. He remembered the last effort of his strength, and the monster that had seized upon to devour him. This was the last. A moment his mind dwelt upon the terrible recollection, and then, with a wild cry, he leaped up and gazed fearfully about him.

"Hallo! Al., my dear boy. Alive and safe! God be thanked!"

The youth started further ug, and his gaze fell upon Thomas Brentford, who sat by his side, but who in a moment more sprang up and took him by the hand.

"O, Albion, what an escape you have had," continued Tom, as he gazed carnestly into our hero's face.

The young midshipman gazed about him, and his mind was clear and strong. He found himself now sitting upon a bed, the snow-white correlited of which had been drawn closely over him, and he was in a small room, neatly, but plainly furnished. At the windows he saw honey-suckles creeping up over light trelliese, and rose-clustering thickly about them. Beyond he could

les creeping up over light trellises, and roses clustering thickly about them. Beyond he could see the blue ocean stretching away into the view-

clastering thickly about them. Beyond he could see the blue ocean stretching away into the view less distance.

"Tom," he said, stretching forth his hand and resting it upon his friend's shoulder, "how long have you been here?"

"All night, 4h, all night."

"But where am I?"

"But where am I?"

"Dame Woodley?" murmured Albion, half-closing his eyes, and suffering his mind to run back a short distance into the past. "Yes—yes—I know. And how long have I been here?"

"Since last light. O, Al., you have no thought of how frightened we were. We came home just at sundown last night and found you gone. Some of the servants said you went down towards the bay, and down there I hastened after, one of the servants said you went down towards the bay, and down there I hastened after, capaiced upon the Imp's Rocks. The sails were snapping in the wind, and the sea was breaking over the hull. My heavens, for a while I was almost crasy. I knew not what to do. Aft first I started back towards the hall after assistance; then I turned to the shore again and etermined to swim out to the dory and get another boat that lay at anchor in the bay. But while I was beginning to strip I heard some one call out to me from the opposite side of the bay. But while I was beginning to strip I heard some one call out to me from the opposite side of the bay. But while I was beginning to strip I heard some one call out to me from the opposite side of the bay. But while I was beginning to strip I heard some one call out to me from the opposite side of the bay. But while I was beginning to strip I heard some one call out to me from the opposite side of the bay. But while I was beginning to strip I heard some one call out to me from the opposite side of the bay. But have the me the me the opposite side of the bay. But have the me the me the said there was no danger.

You were not hart—only you were uterly exhausted. Then I sent word home all about what I had found My father came over, and after been called, and he said there was no danger. You were not hurt-only you were utterly ex-hausted. Then I sent word home all about what I had found. My father came over, and after he had seen that you were well provided for he went back, and left me here, and here I have been ever since. It is now near ten o'clock in the forenon. Now tell me how you feel!"

Albion instinctively stretched out his arms,

and drew up his legs, and after he had made the trial he said:
"I am pretty strong—pretty strong. But tell

"I am pretty strong—pretty strong. But tell me—"

"In hesitated, for he had not fally framed the question he would ask, and before he could coltech his thoughts upon the subject that struggled up to his mind, Tom interrupted him.

"Now you just lie down again and catch a bit more rest, and I will hurry home and get the carriage. I wouldn't attempt to get up now, for you may not be so strong as you think for, and when I come, I will bring you dry clothes and clean. The clothes you had on last night are dry, but they aint fit to put on. Lay quiet, now, and when I come back I'll tell you all about it. You will, wont you!"

"I'll try to," returned Albion, his mind still wandering off upon the subject that had taken possession of his thoughts.

"O, you must, for I must go, and I wont certainly leave you unless you promise to remain quiet. My father is most anxious, and he would be here now, only his gout prevents him. And then there is Belinda—she would have fainted last night if she had known how. Foor, dear thing! How she did scream and tear her hair. It was as good as a play at the theatre. But forgive me—I mustrit "mak sport of such a thing. Now you'll be quiet, Al."

"Yes—I will."

And whit his assurance young Brentford started off after the carriage. After he was gone Albion lay back upon his pillow and thought of the dradfit scene that had passed—and he wondered what miracle had awed him. For a long while he pondered upon the subject in all its bearings, and still he was bewildered and at fault, for let him think of what part he would, the memory of the signal upon the seashore would keep itself foremost in his mind.

At length our here fielt the subject in all list bearings, and still he was bewildered and at fault, for let him think of what part he would, he memory of the signal upon the seashore would keep itself foremost in his mind.

At length our here fielt the subject in all list bearings, and still he was bewildered and a famile near him, and he reached forth and took it up, but there was nothing in

and virue. In oy out had creamed or beauty, but never had such perfect purity visited his imagination.

"Dare you taste the wine?" she asked, as she set the things down upon the table.

"Yes, yes," albion uttered. He saw that his ardent gaze had made the maiden timid, and he had the good sense to withdraw it. But he had seen enough, for he had transferred the image to his memory.

She filled a glass partly full of wine, and having poured in some water, she handed it to him. He drank it and asked for more.

"Be not afraid," he said, as he noticed that the girl hesitated. "I am only benumbed and thirsty. Let me have another dranght like that."

The girl hesitated. "I am only benumbed and thirsty. Let me have another dranght like that."

The girl hesitated in longer, but having poured out the beverage she passed it over, and as soon as the youth had drank it she said:

"I will leave these things where you can easily reach them, and of course you will be careful."

She spoke thas, and would have then turned from the apartment, but Albion quickly called her back.

"You are not very busy 1" he said, gazing once more carnestly upon her.
"No, sir," she timidly replied, stopping near

once more earnestly upon her.

"No, sir," she timidly replied, stopping near
the door and turning.

"Then sit thee down here by my side, and tell

"Then at thee down nere by my suce, and tell ne of what has happened."
"Master Thomas will tell you all, sir," said he maiden, trembling.
"But I cannot wait. I am racked with curisity to know. Did I not see you upon the each yesterday, waving a signal to me!"

ash yesterday, waving a suguar "Yss, sir."
"Yss, sir."
"And your name is Alice Woodley?"
"Yse, sir."
"Then come. Sit thee down and tell me boat my coming here, for surely you must now. Do you not?"
"Yes, sir." she whispered, while she trembled re than before.
Then tell me of it?"

"Alice Woodley, answer me one question:
Dwells there in your mind one single thought
that I could mean you harn? that I could breathe
a breath, or imagine a desire, that could spot
the purity of your soul, or jar the peace of your

ing ?"
O, no, no, sir," quickly and energetically
swered the fair girl, while her deep blue eye
samed more brightly, and a richer tone mantled

Then I pray you come and sit here by my

"The maiden moved toward the couch, and with strangely varying features she sat down. Albion was silent for some moments after the fair being had seated herself, but at length he

it was to warn me of the danger that lay before me 1"

"Yes," returated Alice, shuddering with the recollection of the scene. "I knew you were running directly for the Imp's Rocks, and that if your boat struck them she would surely be wrecked. I saw you first from the window—this very window, hero—and I ran out, and went down to the beach, but I could not make you understand. I saw you then you struck."

"Yes, yes," whispered Albion. "I saw you then when you was I saved t"

"Master Thomas will tell you, sir. He knows "Master Thomas will tell you, sir. He knows "Master Thomas will tell you, sir. He knows

"Master Thomas will tell you, sir. He knows all about it."

at about it."

"And how did he learn 1" asked the youth, axing keenly into his companion's face. "Tell to how he know is 1"

But the maiden's eyes fell, and she was silent.
"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."
"Then tell me. You shall not be judged quickly. You will not refuse me?"
Alice Woodley looked into the youth's face, and after she had overcome the tremulous emotion that seemed almost to tie her tongue, she

"When I saw your boat strike the rocks, I was at first almost paralyzed, but the thought of your danger quickly called me to myself, sind without waiting to call for assistance, or to inform my mother where I was going, I ran to my own light skiff which lay upon the beach, and showed it off, and then with all my might I started to row out to the rocks. When first I looked, after I had put off, I saw that you had struck out for the shore, and from the manner in which you handled your arms, I judged that you had some support. The terror of your situation lent me unwonted strength, and my light bark sped arpidly over the waves. Before I reached you, I saw plainly that your strength was failing, and once I was sure that you had samk. But you came up again, and in a moment more the bow of my skiff graced your shoulders. I dropped my oars and sprang forward just in time to seize you by the hair of your head as you were sinking again. I was able to lift your head above water, but with all my strength I could not raise you up. I think I was nearly frantic then. But my presence of mind did not wholly leave me. An unseen power was with me, and a voice seem-can unseen power was with me, and a voice seem-can unseen power was with me, and a voice seem-can be the proper of the minden asked, saddenly stopping in my car—"His tife is thine!"—But what all thee?" the maiden asked, saddenly stopping in her parartice.

"Yothing, nothing," uttered Albion, starting. "I was only premembering the terrible sensations that thrilled through my soul at the moment of which you then spoke."

Ab.—there was another thought mingled with that—and it was of his day-dream—it was of his day-drea

that thritted through my soul at the moment of which you then spoke."

Ah—there was another thought mingled with that—and it was of his day-dream—it was of the form that came to him upon the foam-crest of the wave. But he spoke not of it.

"Go on," he continued, sinking back once more. "Go on."

"At that moment," resumed Alice, "I noticed the painter of my skiff, which lay coiled up at my feet, and while I held your hair with one hand, with the other I slipped a bite of the painter of how no ver your shoulthers until it caught beneath your arms. This gave me a better hold upon you, and just as I was considering what means I should next adopt, you three both your hands suddenly up and caught the hows of my boat with a death-like grasp, and I felt that your hands suddenly up and caught the hows of my boat with a death-like grasp, and I felt that your except in the supplement of supplement of the suppl

There came the sound of carriage wheels upon the cars of those two youthful life-pilgrims, and Alice started up and would have left the room without speaking, but Albion started to his elbow and detained her.

"One moment," he said.

She stupped and looked into his face. She did not falter now, but she seemed to dwell auxiously upon the yet unspoken words.

"Pardon me," he said, taking her hand, and gasing finolly into her sweet face, "pardon me, for I am almost wild now. You know little of the heart you have touched with your heavenly wand. We shall meet again. You shall study my soul, and know its overy thought and feeling. You shall know me better. One word—speak to me one word: Is your heart all your own? When I came beneath this roof did your soul give home to an image more fondly than your mother's? Speak—fear not."

"No, no," the maidon unmurared, dropping her eyes to the floor.
"Then I shall come again."

Alice Woodley moved quickly from the apartment, and with quick steps she sought her own little chamber. She sank down upon her chair, and then she beat her head forward and rested her brow upon her hands. She felt that kiss bura upon her cheek, but it did not soorce hor pain her. The thill went to her heart, but there was no torture in it. Again she head that voice that whispered to her from the waves that beat upon her boat—"His LIPE is MIRE," and her heart was wildly moved.

Ah, Alice Woodley, the wand of the mystic magician of Exces has touched thy heart, and the

upon her boat—"HIS INFE," and her heart was wildly moved.

Ab, Alice Woodley, the wand of the mystic magician of Eros has touched thy heart, and the transformation shall abide while life is thine. No power of earth can undo the work thy soul has accomplished now.

### CHAPTER V.

A DISCUSSION, AND A MYSTERY.

A DISCUSSION, AND A MYSTERY.

THOMAS BREXTPOID STATED and turned a shade pale when he saw the tears upon Albion's cheeks.

"What is it, Al. 1" he asked, starting to the bed and seizing his friend's hand. "You've been weeping. Is it pain ""

"No, no, Tom," returned the youth, raising himself to his clow. "It is only the thoughts that have been floating through my mind. I tell you I came pretty near my end."

"So you did, Al., so you did. But I wouldn't think of it any more. Come—here are your fresh clothes. I'll help you."

Young Tiverton arose, and after he had taken a few steps upon the floor, he was considerably surprised to find his limbs in perfect working ore. He felt strong and well, and nothing save a natural stiffness seemed to be the result of the calamity of the day before.

a natural stiffness seemed to be the result of the calamity of the day before.

"Ah," said Tom, as his eyes rested upon the wine which still remained upon the table, "so you've had a visitor !"

"Yes. My lips were fairly parched up, and I rang for drink."

"Alse Woodley, I think she said her name was."

"And it's to her you owe your life—did you

"And it's to her you owe your life—did you know it ""

"I was led to judge so, from some words which I coaxed from her," replied Albion, while he bent over to draw on his socks.

"Well, so it is, and when we are in the carriage I'll tell you all about it."

Ere long our hero was ready to set out. He had washed and arranged his hair, and in some respects he looked like a new man. Tom called for some one to come and see them off, and soon afterwards Alice came down. All traces of tears were gone from her cheeks, but there was a strange light in her eyes which a close observer might have detected.

"Ah, Miss Woodley," said Brentford, with stiff formality, "you shall be paid for the noble work you have done."

"In Heaven's name, Tom, talk not of pay for such a deed as that," uttered Albion, whispering sofily and quickly in his friend's ear.

But Tom took no notice.

"You shall be suitably rewarded," he continued, turning again to Alice, "for your conduct deserves it. We must go now, but you shall not be forgotten."

The young man listened till he heard the maidem murmar some simple answer, and then

ued, turning again to Alice, "for your conduct descreves it. We must go now, but you shall not be forgotten."

The young man listened till he heard the maiden murraur some simple answer, and then he passed on, and as soon as his back was turned, Albion caught Alice by the hand and pressed it to his lips.

"God bless you ever," he whispered. "You have saved my life—tit syours if you will. Adient till we meet again."

Then the youth turned and followed his friend, but before he went he saw Alice smile a sweet, heavenly smile, and in his soul he knew that she turned has been been the saw as happy. There was something in the light of the smile that dwelt upon her beautiful features which the appreciating heart could not mistake. It was not the faint smile of a melancholy smile that makes record of a joy deep down in the heart, where the soul-treasures are stored away for the use of a life-time.

Ere long the two friends were seated in the carriage, and the driver had orders to hurry home as fast as possible.

"Upon my soul, Al," said Tom, shortly after they had started on their way, "you didn't seem to be very thankful to Miss Woodley for the good turn she did you."

"Eh—bow so, Tom !"

"Hy you hardly so much as thanked her. And then you even would storn grund you, you, you praye; but it is hard to thank one for saving life, even, too, at mortal risk."

"Well, well, I suppose you feel differently from what I do, though I can't tell how I might feel if I was placed in such a situation."

After this the conversation lagged for a few moments, and then Tom resumed:

"Now, Al.," said he, "I will tell you all about this affinit." And thereupon he went on and related the circumstances just about as Alice had related them, save that he did not speak of the soul-straggies while she had held the drowning man by the hair, for he knew nothing of them. Albion listened most attentively to the recital, and when it was concluded, he expressed himself very much astonished at the intreplity of the heroic girl, and he managed to descant somewhat upon the nobleness of her sonl, without betraying the deeper emotions of his heart. "It's a pity", said young Brentford, after Albion had spoken, "that we couldn't have some such girls as that in our own sphere of society. I declare I am sick and tired of female society. I disclare I am sick and tired of female society. I disclare I am sick and tired of female worth, and the same in the summary of the society. I disclare I am sick and tired of female worth, and the same in th

can we associate with those below us "!

"I would not associate with those who were really below me."

"Ah, so I hought."

"But," added Albion, "I should be my own judge of what sort of characteristics made the gradations of the social scale. Now what think you of Alice Woodley 1"

"A noble girl, truly," replied Tom; "but not now with whom you or I could associate with propriety. My dogs are noble animals, and they would risk their own lives to save mine or yours, at any time; yet you know their social position. Only we must be more guarded in our deportment toward the human species."

This was spoken with a deal of sober earnessness, and Albion seemed for a few moments to be lost in blank surprise; but he could analyze his friend's character, and after a while his supprise wore off. He knew that Tom was happity, and proud of noble station; but he knew also of real humanity which was to be reached at times. Only that humanity was lumbered upon, and cumbered by the worldly notions which had been stowed away a-top of it.

"Tom," said Albion, "I want to ask you one serious question. You know that England is famous for her wealth of mind and science."

"Ore training."

"Own will you tell me where that wealth all comes from?"

Tom thought a few moments, and at length he said, but with evident hesiation:

Ton Fom thought a few moments, and at length said, but with evident hesitation:

Tom thought a few moments, and at length he said, but with evident hesitation:

"It comes from the English people."

"So it does," returned Albion. "And let me tell you that the son of the humble wool-dealer shall outlive the mighitiest monarch England ever saw. Shakspeare shall be remembered when Elizabeth Tudor is forgotten. But tell me again. In our upper circles there are many noble minds—many brilliant, educated, virtuous women. Where did they come from it?

Thomas Brentford did not answer.

"Let me tell you," continued Albion. "They came from the PROPLE. Wherever you find a noble house that has for generations maintained its so-called purity of blood, by circumsarcibed marriages, you shall find sons demented and aughters half-footish and simple. But where you find a noble stock of mind and soul, you may know that a wife and a mother has been taken from the PROPLE. I speak now what I know."

For some moments Tom was silent, but at length, he said:

"I shall not does what the heavest have a seried of the said of the sa

"I shall not deny what you have advanced, but it weighs not with me. God has placed me in a particular station of life, and I shall main-iain it."

tain it."
"Stop, stop, Tom. Don't say that God placed you in your social position. 'He hath made of one blood all nations of the earth.' He made you but a helpless infant. Circumstances have

ed you in your social position. "He hath made of one blood all nations of the earth." If made of one blood all nations of the earth. If made of one blood all nations of the earth. If made of the blood in the rest."

"Well, well, Al., you may have your way—only teit me advise you on one subject. If such are your real sentiments—which I do not believe —then don't see Alice Woodley again, for I am free to confess she is the most perfect female I ever saw. "Tis a pity she is not of higher birth." Albion gazed a moment into his companion's faces, and then, while a deeper meaning flitted across his handsome features, he said:
"Tom, will you pardon me if I ask you one simple question?"
"Anything you mother was a most noble woman. Now who was she before your father made her his wide!"
"The daughter of General Lascelle."
"When sho was born General Lascelle was a common foot soldier. Is it not so!"
"You are right, Al.; but her father nobly earned his title, and its honor descended to his daughter. She was a noble woman, Albion, and when she died I lost one of the best mothers that ever drew breath."
"I know it, Tom,—that is if I can believe my own parents, for they knew her well. But now I have one more question. Did General Lascelle ever do anything more ennobling than Allice Woodley did yesterday?"
"That is a question, mon ani, that I cannot directly answer. You know we must be governed more or less by the circumstances that surround us, and, in our estimate of men and things we must take rules as we find them. Iron is a most valuable metal, and the world only not without it. In fact, gold could better be spared, and as far as the real, moral world only did yesterday?"

"An is concerned, iron has he preference. Yet society has ordained that gold shall pass for a certain value, and to hynn has fixed its place in the social scale; and it takes its place in the social scale; and it takes

rank among the rough things of earti, to be valued, certainly, but not to be cherished as we cherish the more uneless article of gold. So it is in a great measure with humanity. We could ill afford to lose the hard-fished humble yeomanity and artizans, for they are absolutely necessary to our very sustenance, but society has fixed their social position, and neither you nor I can alter it."

Albion smiled at the argument of his friend, and in a good-humored tone, he said:

"We wont argue any more, but I will only asy I am perfectly willing to recognize the right of government to fix the value of gold; but when we come down to the stemer conjuice the right of government to fix the value of gold; but when we come down to the stemer realities of life, we are often forced to be governed by absolute necessity as well as by our complete the right of government to fix the value of golden kniyes, but for my own use I should prefer one of tempered iron—and that same rule I would apply socially. But," continued Albion, changing the tone of his voice to one of sudden interest, "we will asy no more on this point at present. Another thing has centered my mind, and it has come to me most strangely since I took my seat in the carriage. It must be that I have seen Alice Woodley before. I know I have. Now can you tell me where?"

Brentford looked up with a shade of surprise upon his features.

"I am sure," he replied, "I cannot tell."
"Rut I Karu I have."

Brentiord looked up with a shade of surprise upon his features.

"I am sure," he replied, "I cannot tell."

"But I know I have," resumed Ablon, with a shake of the head. "I did not think of it while I saw her, but I see it now. Can't you think?"

"How long has she lived here?"

"Itow tong has she lived here?"

"Let me see. It is nearly five years, I think, since she came and bought the cottage."

"Do you know where she came from?"

"She has told some of our folks that she came from Northumberland. I never asked her, for I have never seen her but a few times."

"Well, I am sure her countenance is familiar—Alice's. I nean."

for I nave never seem are our a new times.

"Well, I am sure her countenance is familiar—Alice's, I mean."

Thomas Brentford gased into the face of his friend, and a smile dwelt upon his features; but gradually that smile faded sway, and, while a change came over his countenance, he said:

"Upon my soul, Alt, he same idea now opens upon me. I never thought of it before, though I have met the girl often. She brings fish up to the hall once or twice a week regularly. But I can't think what it means."

"Can't you study up anything;"

"Not at hing. But, after all, it may only be a flight of fancy."

"No, no," said Albion, who had become strangely impressed with the new idea.

But before he could make any further remark the carriage stopped at the door of Linden Hall.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.

# IT'S ALWAYS MY LUCK.

"Ir's about time to give up trying, and yield to the force of circumstances. The tide of ill luck sets against me harder than ever. Really, brother John, I cannot stem the current much

inger."
"What has happened now?"
"You remember the handsome bay I purhased a few weeks since?"

"Yes."
"He had a slight lameness in one of his feet."

"Yea."
"He had a slight lameness in one of his feet."
"Yea."
"Well, the trouble has been increasing, until the animal is a complete cripple, and quite untit to use. I spose I ought to have expected something of that kind; it's always my lack. You know I can never bey anything without being cheated, or do anything like other people. I was evidently born under a bad star. With some folks, everything works well without any apparent effort on their part. Neighbor Jones bought some railroad stock that path line eight per centrights straight along. Well, I went and purchased some stock, too, and the result is, that I will sell out to-day at twenty-frive per cent. Last year Job Smith went into the hop business; he raised as large field, and disposed of every pound at a handsome profit. This season I cut some two or three thousand poles, and tried it on a large scale. What is to come of it! Why, of course, hops have taken a turn, and wont pay the cost of raising. Mr. Thompsong oth is house insured a few nights before it was destroyed by fire. Ten days after the disaster he got every cent of the insurance. I went and insured with the P. T. W. Company. When my corn barm was barned, containing much value in various kinds of grain, instead of receiving the amount of the insurance, a rumor reached me that the concern had failed, which report was confirmed by the first nevspaper that I happened to take up.

"Assure the product of the protatoes on a bill,"
"Asst spring I planted my potatoes on a bill,"

concern had failed, which report was confirmed by the first newspaper that I happened to take up.

"Last spring I planted my potatoes on a hill, and the dry weather parched up the soil and prevented a crop. This season I planted them on a piece of low bottom-land, and the rains washed them out. It's always my lanket. You know that corn has been a good yield in this part of the country, and always been marketable. I have usually never tried to grow any except for my own use, but this year I thought I'd try it, and was a long of robing it. A person of my hard experience might have known better. Just as though I could raise corn! Just as shough I could raise corn! Just as though I could robe shown better. Just as though I could robe shown better and the should be shown better and the should be shou

as there's anything left of me. It commenced when I was a boy. I was late at school, caught whispering, throwing paper balls, pinching the boys, making wry faces at the master, carrying on pantonimic correspondence with the girls, and forever and eternally an eligible candidate on pantonimic correspondence with the girls, and forever and eternally an eligible candidate metal but once, and then I lost it before I got home, for which I was maltreated the next day by the double-fisted master. When I got large enough to go courting, some fellow was sure to give me the mitten. I was confounded bashful, and was laughed at because I didn't appear natural in company. My work was found fault with. The tailor couldn't fit me to a coat. If I rode out, I got tipped over, or run away with. When I got as situation, I was sure to of fend my employers. I couldn't go in swimming without healty might be company or go hunting without being mistaken for a goose, kicked over by the recoil of my gun, bursting it up by overloading, or hurting somebody in some way. It's always my luck."

"You owe your luck all to yourself," said his brother John

out being mistaken for a goose, kinked over by the recoil of my gun, bursting it up by oversloading, or hurting somebody in some way. It's always my lack."

"You owe your luck all to yourself," said his brother John."

"Cersainly; I expected you'd say so; you always do."

"You were ever wanting in foreshought," added brother John, midly. "You never calculated chances, or made provisions for contingencies. When a mere lad, you would undertake a piece of work without knowing what you were doing. You have been a kind of unconscious sleep-walker since the day of your britt. You don't reach conclusions by a logical process, but jump and flounder at them, or never reach them at all. So far as cause and effect are open-strange to you. If a shower comes up suddenly, you rather imagine it was gotten up on purpose to veryour load of hay. If the season is too dry or too hot, it is just the same—all on your account. Why, man, Nature is as impartial as she can be, and cares no more about you, individually, than she does about a grasshopper. Do you suppose she would step out of her course to do you a petty piece of spite? Not a bit of it—she works of the groot of all. But you appear profoundly ignorant of it. Your continued ill lack has iter of the product of the course to do you a petty piece of spite? Not a bit of it—she works of the good of all. But you appear profoundly ignorant of it. Your continued ill lack has iter of the good of the size of the times. Before planting hops, you should have informed yourself whether the market was surficied; and as for corn, you put it in too late, and on that part of your farm which is first affected by frost. Perhapy you may remember that I predicted a poor crop while you were planting. But why did I venture such a prediction? Simply because circam-stances warranted is—circamstances that entirely excepted your observation; and in fact all crimstances warranted is—circamstances that entirely excepted your observation; and in fact all crimstances warranted is—circamstances warranted is

"That's conforting!" muttered the man of ill lock.

"And the identical state of things prevailed when you bought into the Yermont Central Railroad," continued brother John. "Jones bought stock on the Boston and Worcester, which is always up and pays good dividends. I couldn't help laughing when I heard what you'd been doing. Why, any body but an unlucky man would know better. You wouldn't have caught your wife doing such a foolish thing. All the women and children in the neighborhood are better posted about railroad stocks than you seem to be. There's no use in talking, though; it's always your luck. Age has now so crept upon you, that I fear it is too late to outgrow your thought. So you have the seem of the control of the control

That'll do, brother John," said the

"That'll do, brother John," said the grumbler, with something like a smile. "I'm in for a blowing up when I mention my troubles. It's always my lack."

And so the brothers parted, one a little more thoughtful than when they met, but it is doubtful whether the other was any wiser, or in a more promising way to improve—for he had often heard the same kind of reasoning before. Probably he will continue to be an unmethodical person to the day of his death, and, grambling in the old fashion, say, "It's always my luck!"

# DROMEDARY-RIDING.

DROMEDARY-RIDING.

I found dromedary-riding not at all difficults one site of consequence of the consequence

BY L. G. RIGGS

There never was an earthly dream
Of beauty and delight,
That ming'ed not too soon with clouds,
As sunrays with the night;
That faded not from that fond heart,
Where once it loved to stay.
And left that heart more desolate,
For having felt its sway.

There never was a glad bright eye, But it was dimmed with tenrs; Caused by such griefs as ever dull The numbin of our years. We look upon the sweetest flower— 'Its withered soon, and gone; We gase upon a star, to find But darkness where it shone.

There never was a noble heart,
A mind of worth and power,
That had not in this changing we
Pain, misery, for its dower;
The laurel on the brow hath hid
From many a careless eye,
The secret of the soul within,
Its blight and agony.

There never was—there cannot be
On earth a precious spring,
Whose waters to the fevered lip,
Unfalling we may bring;
All changeth on this troubled shore,
Or passeth from the sight;
O for that world where joy and peace
Reign as eternal light:

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# MY PASSENGER:

# AN ADVENTURE WITH THE BOURBON PIRATES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB. JR.

MY ship cleared from Liverpool, and I was bound for the Indies. In the cabin I had some dozen passengers, most of whom were army officers who had been home on leave of absence. Bedide these I had a widow woman named Legrand, and her son, whom she called Walter. Walter Legrand was, according to the register, where the last she was very slight in his build, or, at least, he seemed so wheir compared with the stout infantry officers who surrounded him; but there were no signs of feebleness about him. He was of medium height, and smaller than the ordinary class of mea. His hair was long and curly, and as black as night. His eyes were large and full, and burned like orbs of light set in jet. His convenance was very pale, and the brow, which was much higher and fuller than is often seen, was strongly marked by the blue veins which stood boldly out upon it. His features were regular and eminently handsome—the nose prominent and straight, and the lips very thin and colorless. His whole appearance indicated the close, un-wavering students, and I think he had the least of the animal man in his physiognomy of any person whom I have ever seen. Mrs. Legrand must have been married when very young, for she could not then have been more than forty years of age, and she was still as beautiful as ever. A more lovely woman is seldom seen. Her hair was of a golden hue, and her veys seemed made for the above for smiles and love, though it was now oftener sad and downcast. Her hushand had died in India, and he was going out to settle his estate, she having an only brother still there. Her husband had died in India, and the deen a colonel of exalty, and a brave and honest man.

Mrs. Legrand had one female servant to accompany her, and together they occupied a small state-room which she had fitted up with my consent, at her own expense.

We found Walter to be a very agreeable companion, though he was reserved and sedate. He

mall state-room which she had fitted up with my onsent, at her own expense.

We found Walter to be a very agreeable comanion, though he was reserved and sedate. He ould converse freely on subjects of general increst, and at times he was startlingly eloquent. For one I enjoyed his conversation much, though isometimes noticed that some of the military passengers were inclined to wear a sneer upon heir lips when he went deeply into moral shilosophy.

passengers were inclined to wear a sneer upon their lips when he went deeply into moral philosophy.

Matters passed on quite pleasantly for several weeks. To be sure, at times, young Legrand received treatment from one or two of the other pa-sengers which I shought meant insult, and which I should have resented, but he took no notice of it, and so I did not make myself aneasy. One man in particular seemed to dislike the youth. It was an infantry captain named Sayae. He was a profane, reckless man, and he seemed to hate Legrand simply because he was ounlike himself. Legrand never laughed nor even smiled at any of his profane, vulgar jokes, but, on the contrary, plainly showed by his looks that he did not like them.

We had cleared the southern capes of Africa, and were standing up into the Indian Ocean. One day at the dinner-table, Captain Savage allowed himself to become more profane than usual. Neither of the females were present, and he launched out into a course of storic and jets which were indecent in the extreme. The wice circulated freely, and his boon companions seneral to entire the arrest heavent Seneral interest to the course of storic and jets we circulated freely, and his boon companions seneral to entire the arrest heavent Seneral interest.

he launched out into a course of stories and jests which were indecent in the extreme. The wine circulated freely, and his boon companions seem-circulated freely, and the sport hugely. Several times Legrand east a reproving glance at Savage, and the latter noticed it, but instead of becoming more decent, he only tried the harder to displease and annoy the quiet passenger.

At length the isfantry captain became so outrageously profine and vallgar that Legrand would stand it no longer, and quickly moving his chair bask, he arose from the table and moved towards the deck.

"Come back, here," shouted Savage.

But the young man took no notice of him.

"Come back, lay,"

Legrand did not turn, but with a steady step he kept on and went upon deck.

At length the officers minished their dessert, and most of them went on deck. Savage went up, and as so son as he saw Legrand standing by the weather mizzen rigging, be passed over.

"Mr. Legrand," he said, in a highly pompous one, "why did you leave the dinner-table?" "Simply because I wished to," calmly replied

tone, "why did you leave the dinner-table "
"Simply because I wished to," calmly replied
the young man.
"But why did you wish to leave it?"
"That is a question I choose not to answer."
"But I choose that you shall."
"O, I would answer it with pleasure, if I
thought it would benefit you any to know; but
I fear you would not improve upon it even were
I to tell you."
"Allow me to be the judge. Tell me."
"Since you are so urgent, I will comply,"
returned Legrand, in a tone perfectly calm and
pleasant. "The truth is, sir, your conduct and
appeche were so unpleasant, that I suffered exceedingly, and so I chose to leave you with
those who were better calculated to enjoy or
put up with it."
"Ah," uttered the captain, while his cheek
fushed, and his lip trembied. "And may I be
so beld as to inquire what part of my conduct
you thought unbecoming a gentleman 1"
"All of it, sir."
"Do you mean to say that I am not a gentleman 1"
"Do you mean to say that I am not a gen-

tleman ?"

"I have said no such thing. I have simply answered your own questions."
"But you have intimated that my conduct was

"But you have intimated that my conduct was not gentlemanly."
"Yes, sir. I have plainly said so."
"Ash, now I have it. I shall demand satisfaction for that. You shall find, sir, that no one calls my character in question with impunity."
"Then, my dear sir," said Legrand, "why will you not endeavor to have some respect for the feelings of others?"
"I have, sir, all that is necessary. Do you suppose that I care for your sickening, behalt, soft-pitted piety? Not a bit of it. You have insuited me. First at the table—for actions speak as well as words. Your leaving as you did, and thus interrupting me in the midst of a narrative, was a gross insuit, and you meant it as such."
"You are mistaken, sir."

aid, and thus interrupting me in the midst of a narrative, was a gross insult, and you meant it as such."

"You are mistaken, sir."

"You are mistaken, sir."

"You do, air!" exclaimed Savage, now fairly enraged at the young man's perfect coolness.
"You did meant its as an insult. Now, sir, you must answer for it. You shall answer for it. Will you take the sword or pistol?"

"Not with the sir. Let me be in peace—that is all I ask."

"You wonst fight, eh?"

"Nos will you?"

"As Savage thus spoke, he struck the young man with the flat of his hand, upon the cheek."

"Now will you fly?"

Walter Legrand turned as pale as death, but not a nerve nor muscle moved. In a moment more the blood returned to his face, and he looked the brutal man calmly in the eye.

"Captain Savage," he at length said, in a low, tomb like voice, "I cannot fight you, nor have I any wish to doit. If you feel happier after what you have done, you are welcome to he what you have done, you are welcome to he what you have done, you are welcome to me, but I have no explanation to make."

"Coward!" hissed the brute.

Again that deathly pallor spread over the young man's face, and I could see that the nalls of his flager were fairly eating into the palms of his flager were fairly eating into the palms of his flager were fairly eating into the palms of his flager were fairly eating into the palms of his flager were fairly eating into the palms of his flager were fairly eating into the palms of his flager were fairly eating into the palms of his flager were fairly eating into the palms of his flager were fairly eating into the palms of his flager were fairly eating into the palms of his flager were fairly eating into the palms of his flager were fairly eating into the palms of his flager were fairly eating into the palms of his flager and I could see that the malls and the heart has a start and the man and hand."

"Captain Savage, leave me, or! I have harmed you not, and now I am in the possession of my senses. Leave me, or! I have harmed you not, and n

madman."

Savage was upon the point of saying more when I interfered.

"Captain," said I, "let this subject drop now. You are wholly in the fault, and I will see the young man abused no more."

"Do you interfere?" exclaimed Savage, turning madly towards me.
"I do," I returned, "and I mean what I say. I command here, and you will be wise if you obev."

mg madity towards me.

"I do," I returned, "and I mean what I say. I command here, and you will be wise if you obey."

"And suppose I do not choose to obey?"

"I think it will be an uncomfortable experiment for you to try," was the reply.

Now I owe to Dame Nature some thanks for having given me a frame more powerful in the physical mould than she ordinarily bestows upon her mortal children, and long command of travulent spirits in the shape of refractory seamon, had given me not only a decision of character, but had written the fact pretty plainly on my countenance. Savage looked at me a moment, and then he said, with ruther a chop-fallen expression of countenance:

"O, very well. You are captain, and I suppose it would be open mutiny to resist you." And with that he walked away.

Now to ell the truth, I hoped the fellow would have shown some more resistance, for I had made up my mind to knock him down and put him in irons; but I was disappointed; though, upon more calm reflection, of course I was glad affairs turned as they did.

This event cant as ort of cloud over the spirits of the passengers for several days, and though Savage refrained from most of his profanity yet I could see that not only he, but the others, looked upon Walter Legrand as a coward. The young man himself seemed to notice it, for her years the search of the search of the was tacture and sedate, and I often noticed that his eyes drooped before the gaze of others, and that his lips trembled.

Early one morning land was reported upon the larboard bow. I knew it to be the Boarbon Island. The wind was very light, the ship not making more than three knots with the royals and studding sails. About the middle of the forenoon we saw a long quiac-built beat or rather evest—come out from one of the coves of the island. I levelled my glass upon the craft, and found it to be full of men. There were seventy-five at least.

"Captain, what is she?" racked Savage, approaching the spow where I totod.

"I think there is not much danger in setting her down

"Pirates!" uttered Savage, turning pale. They will be likely to be ugly customers, wont

"Privaces! University of the gradient of the year of the year."

"They will be likely to be ugly customers, wont they i"

"Of course they will. They certainly outnumber us three to one, and are in all probability, all of them stoots, reckless fellows."

"But you don't think they will follow the rule of patting all their prisoners to death, do you!"

"You can judge of that as well as I can," was my reply; and then I turned to the men. I could see that Savage was much frightened, and, in fact, nearly all were startled by the appearance of the suspicious boat. The presence of a pirate is not a pleasant theme for any one, and more especially these land pirates, for they generally make it a practice to put their prisoners to death, so that their haunts may not be exposed.

"We had no carriege-out, but there were cul-

prisoners to death, so that their haunts may not be exposed.

We had no carriagogau, but there were cutlasses and pistole enough on board for the crew, and I lost no time in arming my men. All told we mustered forty-one men. The ship's crew, including myself, made twenty nine, and there were twelve of the passengues, though I knew mot whether to count upon Water Legrand or not. However, he could fire a pistol, and that was something. By the time I had made these arrangements, the quise was within two cables' lengths of us, and, we could see that there were nearly eighty men on board of her—not so great olds as we had at first supposed, but still two to one against us. We could see, too, that they were all of them powerful looking fellows, and of all shades and complexions—some of them white, some red, some brown and some black. I arranged the men close to the bulwark with hat muskets we could muster, and then turned to see if Legrand was upon deek. He stood by the cabin companion-way with a sword in his hand, and with two superbly mounted pistols stuck in his belst. Thes word I had not seen before, and of course I judged that it must be his own. It was broad and heavy, of the most exquisite polish, and mounted in a hilt of gold and precious stones. I was for the moment chained to the scene. The youth looked most strangely. His face was yet pale and calm, but its expression was changed—wonderfully changed. The fire of his eyes was deep and intense, and the usual sedate, melancholy expression had given place to a sort of exultant, smilling satisfaction. I did not speak to him. I saw that he stood over the place where his mother had found refuge. By this time the quise was nearly alongside. I waited until the moment for pistol shooting came, and then I gave the order to fire. There was a long, wild yell from the boat, and on the next moment she struck our side, and the pirates and on the next moment she struck our side, and the pirates and on the next moment she struck our side, and the pirates and on the next m

woman.

"No, no, by San Paulo, she's mine!" cried
the chieftain, and as he spoke he started towards
the spot where the widowed mother stood. His
licutenant followed him, and so did several of the

'Stand back!" said Walter.

"Out, boy-or die!"
Thus spoke the pirate leader, but he spoke no ore, for the young man's sword swept the air ke lightning, and the villain's head was cleft in vain. Another stroke, and the lieutenant shar-

like lightning, and the villain's head was cleft in twain. Another stroke, and the lieutenant shared the same fact.

"Now, men of England, show the blood our proud nation!"

Every man heard those words, for they were like bugle notes—clear, and ringing, and distinct. I remember how Legrand looked at that monett. He had just forced his mot er below when he spoke, and then he turned upon the crew. His head was up, his tech set, his finely chiselled nostrils distended, and his eyes literally entiting sparks of fire. He dashed like a lightning shaft among the foe, and we all followed him. Ever and anon I could distinguish his form amid the smoke—for there were many pistos fired—and I could see the flash of his bright blade where it was not covered with blood. If flught with all my might—and so did all my men. Savage fought, too, but he did not seek places of danger, rather seeming to keep his back against the bulwarks.

Ever and anon the flash of Walter's sword would catch my eye, and I failed not to see a man full when it descended. My own men looked to him as their leading spirit, and I did not feel this short is the seemed of the spirit, and I did not feel the strong the seemed of the spirit, and I did not feel the seemed of the spirit, and I did not feel the sum of the seemed of the spirit, and I did not feel the spirit of the seemed of of the seeme of the seemed of the seeme of the seemed of the seemed of the seemed of the seemed of the

how he swept away the foul villains from before him. At length the deek began to grow thin of standing men, and streams of blood were flow-ing towards the scuppers. I reached Legrand's side, and I saw stout men flee from before him. I saw his arm move, and I saw another pirate

I saw his arm move, and I saw another pirate fall.

Then a cry broke upon our ears. If was a cry for quarter, for mercy. The fighting coased, and the living pirates were huddled together in the starboard gangway and disserned. They numbered eleven men! My next work was to count my own, and I found eighear of them, and nine of the infantry officers. In the centre of the quarter-deck stood Walter Lagrand. He was leaning upon the feek about its point. He was still calm and serone, but the old look of sedate melanchoy had once more taken possession of his countenance.

"Captain Favor," he said, addressing me, "Captain Favor," be said, addressing me,

sedate melancholy had once more taken possession of his connenance.

"Captain Favor," he said, addressing me,
"can you take care of the prisoners ?"
I quickly answered him, "yes,"
"Then," said he, "I will go and comfort my
mother. She may be anxious."
The prisoners were put in irons, and placed in
safe confinement, and then we sat to work and
cleared up the deck. All hands turned workmen, and ere long the dead were sewed up in old
sails and buried in the deep, blue sea—friend and
foe together. There were but few wounded
men. Such as there were, however, where proprepty cared for.
That evening, when we sat down to supper,
no one could have told, from the appearance of

men. Such as there were, however, were properly cared for.

That evening, when we sat down to supper, no one could have told, from the appearance of Walter Legrand, that anything unusual had happened. He met us with that same calm smile of recognition, and his face were that same look of unobtrusive, modest reserve. The meal was eaten mostly in silence. I could see that the other officers gazed upon the youth with looks of admiring wonder, and even Captain Savage was humbled and awed.

Legrand saw the looks that were cast upon him, and he knew well what they meant. After the had finished his supper he wiped his lips, and we knew from his movements, that he was going to speak. A lip might have been heard to drop at that moment.

"Gentlemen," he said, while a slight tremulousness was manifest in his nether lip. "You all know what has passed since I came on board this ship, and I shall not recount the painful late. I have heard the word 'coestral' and I have not resented it, and had not this day's events come to pass, I should not have made the explanation which I am now about to make, for it might only have been received as the holiow excuse of one who dared not fight. You have some of you heard of my father. He was a brave man, and a good officer, but in an evil hour he had a difficulty with a brother officer, and he accepted the challenge to fight a duel. He met his companion upon the field, and he fell. He had marched boldly up to the cannor's mouth for his beloved country, and his life was spared that his bosom friend might take it. My mother heard the said story. She knew my hot blood—she knew I was my father's child, and he fared for me. She drew my head upon he grief-laden bosom, and aked me to promise had easel it it with a yow, and a mother's pravew went. that I would never give nor receive a challenge to mortal combat, and that I would never lend my countenance or assistance to the same in the capacity of a friend. I made the promise, and sealed it with a vow, and a mother's prayer went, up that I might be true to it. Gentlemen, you know all now."

There was a tear in his eye, but he turned quickly away and went on deck.

For some moments after he had gone, there was a death-like stillness.

"Gentlemen," uttered Savage, starting quickly from his seat, "follow me on deck."

He started for the ladder, and we all went after him. Legrand stood by the lee quarterrailing, and S.-vage moved quickly to him.

"Mr. Legrand," said the humbled officer, in a trembling, but frank tone, "I have wronged you most deeply, and here, before all the living witnesses of my error, I humbly ask your pardon. Forgive me, sir, and I will never do such wrong again."

again."
Walter took the proffered hand, and while tears trembled upon his dark lashes, he replied: "Captain Savage, most joyfully do I accede to your request. Let the past be forgotten, sir, and may its darkness be more than obliterated by the friendship of this hour."

the friendship of this hour."

The temptation could not be resisted: My first mate, a noble-hearted sailor, threw up his cap and called out for three cheers. And they were given—three times three—for the noble youth who had not only been the direct agent of saving our ship and crew, but who also had the moral courage to do his whole duty, even though it brought out the jeer and scoff of companions against him.

The widowed mather had followed by:

brought on the jeer and scoff of companions against him.

The wido wed mother had followed her son on deck, and she had seen all that had transpired, and never shall I forget the strange look that dwelt upon her countenance as she clasped her hands and raised her streaming eyes towards heaven. It was a look of such joyful pride and ardent gratitude as words canot tell.

In due time we arrived at Calcutta without further treable, and from that evening of reconciliation I heard not a profane word nor ribald jest fall from Captain Savage's lips. He was a better and a happier man. Walter Legrand was mixed more strongly to join the army, but his love for his mother restrained him. He settled his father's bu-incess, and he and his mother returned to England with me. Three years after that he was sent to Parliament from his native borough, and no man can enjoy more extensively the confidence and esteem of his fellows that does he; but I know that all the honors whi he men can heap upon him can never take that place in his heart and love which is filled by the gratitude and trusting confidence of his own dear mother.

A wise man will dispose of time nast, to observe

A wise man will dispose of time past, to ol ation and reflection; time present, to duty; me to come, to providence.

### AMUSEMENTS IN PARIS.

Writers from Paris state that notwithstanding the migration of multitudes from the city to the This is owing to the number of provincials whe through by railroad to the city, to better bloidays on metropolitan sights. The grand opera has recommenced, and Madame Staliz respirate upon the stage, after an absence of seving the stage of the 10th ult. Mademoisselle Gorges, after a professional career of fifty years, has entered into another engagement at the Imperial theatre. The grand drama of Schamyl, the prophet warrior of the Caucaus, Martin, to crowded houses, until at length Monsieur Meilingue, the representative of Schamyl, announced that he was compelled by fatigue, to rest a week. It was at first thought that this piece, as a spectacle, could not be equalled, but pantomine of Silistria.

This great performance takes place in the wast area of the Hippodrome, and requires a force of eight hundred actors. The scene opens with the representation of eight Turkish ladies samaning the surreillance of a black Kisler. A drum is the surreillance of a black Kisler. A drum is the surreillance of a black Kisler. A drum is the surreillance of a black Kisler. A drum is the surreillance of a black Kisler. A drum is the surreillance of a black Kisler. The Russians are heard in the distinction of the surreillance of the surreillance of the first of the harem. Musas Pacha then advances and reviews his troops who are an extremely picturesque set of raccials. The Russians are heard in the distinction of the surreillance of the surreillance of the respective produced by a large body of infantry and cavalry. The Turks are the more and many Russians fall and their distinction of the surreillance of the

MALIBRAN.

Whenever Sontag obtained a brilliant triumph, Malibran would weep, and exclaim: "Why does she sing so divinely?" The tears excited by these feelings of emulation were the harbin-ment. Malibran's nerrous temperature and romantic turn of feelings inspired her with a passionate love of flowers. During her performance of Desdemona, on the evening of her beneather of the property of the stage, and the Moor, in his frenzied grief, was preparing to inflict upon himself the blow which was to lay him prostrate at her side, Madamo preparing to inflict upon himself the blow which was to lay him prostrate at her side, Madamo and wreaths which lay scattered round her, exclaimed, in a low tone of voice: "Take care of my flowers. Do not crush my flowers." There resided in Naples at one time a poor hairdresser, hoot. Madamo Malibran sent for him, and desired him to attend daily to dress her hair, for which she payed him most extrawagantly. As soon as he was gone, she would undo all his earling and paling of brough the operating of the property MALIBRAN.

# THE CUNNING THRUSH.

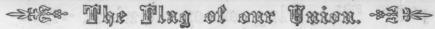
THE CUNNING THRUSH.

There is much more intellect in birds than people suppose. An instance of that occurred the other day at a slate quarry, belonging to a friend from whom we have the narrative. A thrush, not aware of the expansive properties of a ridge of the quarry, in the very centre of which they were constantly blasting the rock. At first he was very much discomposed by the fragments flying in all directions, but still she would not quit her chosen locality. She soon observato to be fried, and, that at notice, the workmen retired to safe positions. In a few days when she heard the bell, she quitted her exposed situation and flew down to where the workmen shelred and flew down to where the workmen shelred and flew down to where the workmen helpers, and it was also told to visitors who came to view the quarry. The visitors may came to the first of intellect; but, as a rock could not always be blasted when visitors came, the bell was rung and the day of the consequence was, that afterwards, when the bell was rung she would remain with a did retreat, and if they did not she would remain where she was.—Jardine.

ECCLESIASTICAL WEALTH.

The Church in Mexico consists of an archebishop, eight bishops, and about 10,000 inferior clergy of all sorts. It is the richest church established in the world, its landed property, mortages and rents, being estimated to be worth about \$150,000,000, to say nothing of a bright of the state of the most soil and costly construction. With their gold and silver vessels, candlesticks, and other ornaments, these buildings, of which there are one hundred and eight in the city of Mexico alone, are estimated at still very large, though not so enormous as when Mexico was a Spanish colony. At that time, the annual income of the archibishop was about \$130,000, and that of the eight bishops united \$400,000.—Botton Chronicle.

CHILDREN.—Never suffer your children to nire service from others which they can perfe temselves. A strict observance of this rule to e of incalculable advantage to them throt very period of life.



# SHATHE LEGG MAG of our UNION. SON STANSON

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

e terms of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION age \$200 n, invariably in advance. The paper is always sed at the expiration of the time paid for. See n the last page. \*0\* All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to F. GLEASON, BOSTON MASS., proprietor of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, post paid.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

Violet Lee, or, the Unappreciated," a tale by Mrs. ARE E. DAWES.

The Gloves of Omar Pacha," a sketch by ANNE T.

"The Giores of Omar Facine," a secret by John A. Wilsus.
"Mrs. Blowhard's Stratagem," a story by Stlvanus Coss. Jr.
"The Silent Young Man," a humorous sketch by the Old UN.
"The West Point Cadet.," a tale by Francis A. Durivide.

(SE.

"Human Life," verses by Ww. R. Lawrence.

"Indian Summer." lines by J. Stare Hollowat.

"The Autumn Bain," in verse.

"Tis a Busy World," lines by Ww. W. Grandy.

"Invocation to the Drams," verses by Mary Wentorit Alexandre.

ARTICLES DECLINE

Visit to New Hampshire," "A sketch by M.," "Mynd Home," "A Song by H.," "O come to me," "The Ship," and "Over the Hills."

We perceive by the papers that the three new steam-frigates, now in the process of construction for our government, are to be furnished with engines each of a new and untried model. We trust that these experiments will be successful, and that the successful, and that the successful, and that the successful, and that Mr. Eriesson will be more fortunate with the one he is entrusted to build, than he was with the engine he undertook for a private company; but we confess that we were rather sorry to see the announcement we have alluded to. It would have been far more satisfactory to learn that the government had employed competent and experienced builders to put into the new frigates engines of a model that had already been tested, such as those that drive the Collins' line of steamers, and which have proved adequate to every weather and every sea.

The miserable inefficiency of our naval steam results has been for years a subject of complaint and a source of morification to our people; it would be something more serious yet, should we become involved in a foreign war. It is a truly humilitating circumstance, that while steam navigation owns its birth to American genins; while we have engineers, mechanics and material capable of producing the finest steam-frigates in the world, we should have accomplished comparatively nothing in this line, while France and England posses each a steam navy that is the admiration of the world. Were sailing vessels alone employed in naval warfare, we should rest perfectly easy. We know that the impromption infant navy of the struggling American colonies made itself severely felt in the fast century, when Paul Jones dand to carry his flag into the narrow, stormy waters of the North Sea, and beard the British see wolf in his dear the services. We do not forget—what American does of the Constitution and the Favier, the West of the Constitution and the Java, the Horret and Paul Acceptance, and we wolf whit dear the services of the Constitution and the Java, the Horret and Paucock, the Cy

do 40.

Steamships for mercantile service are one thing, and steamships for naval warfare quite another. We must have a feet of steam vessels built expressly for fighting, and not to carry freight and passengers, and it is high time that we set about building them. It is of no use to put an old boiler and smoke-pipe into a lumbering craft and call it a warsteamer, or to point to half a dozen two hundred ton schooners with servers or paddle-wheels, and say we have a steam mary. We have got nothing in the steam line that can stead up against such steam frigates as the French and English have in the Baltic and Black seas. And because such vessels can under the steam frigates and the french and English have in the Baltic and Black seas. And because such vessels can such vessels can be such as the steam frigates. as the French and English have in the Battu and Black seas. And because such vessels can not be built to order in a few weeks or months we would have our government, before it is to late, put on the stocks a number of steamers o such size as to do credit to the greatness and the resources of our country.

STATUE OF JUDGE STORY.—Mr. Wm. W. Story has finished the statue of his father, the late Justice Story, upon which he has been engaged abroad for some time past, and it has been shipped from Italy to America.

CRITIC —A large dog that goes unchained, and arks at everything he does not comprehend.

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

We shall publish on the first of January, 1855, a new magazine, entitled "GLEASON's DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE;" awork which will contain one hundred royal octavo pages of reading matter in each number—being more than any of the Philadelphia three dollar magazine—and forming two volumes each year of six handred pages, or twelve hundred pages of reading matter yearly, for

ONE DOLLAR

Being resolved to furnish good interesting reading for the million, and at a price which all can afford,

### GLEASON'S DOLLAR MONTHLY

Will be filled with entertaining and popular sionies, by our best writers, with sketches, poems, scraps of wit and humor, and a miscellaneous compound of the notable events of the times in both hemispheres, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad.

Any person enclosing one dollar to the propror, as below, shall receive the magazine for or ear. Subscribe early, and secure the working the state of the secure the working the secure of the secure

F. GLEASON, Publisher and Proprietor, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Bosto

### KANSAS.

KANSAS.

The Kansas Herald, a paper printed at Fort Leavenworth, has just come to hand. It is the first newspaper published in the new Territory, and is a very respectable-looking sheet, and edited with ability. The town of Fort Leavenwhere the original valaimants of the town to relinquish their rights. The company expended \$2400 in cleaning three hundred and twenty acres of land for the town. The stock was divided into one hundred and seventy-five shares, which have since sold at prices ranging from \$200 to \$500. The town is situated one mile and a half below Fort Leavenworth. It joins the Milliary Reserve, and has a rock-bound front on the river, with a gradual as seent, and gentle undulation for miles around. This place is destined to be the capital and metropolis of the Territory. They have already a steam saw-mill, a printing office, several stores, a large hotel, a boarding house, warehouses, and a number of private dwellings. The newspaper office is somewhat primitive in style at present. It is under a tent, and the compositors' stands are placed under an clm tree in the open air. The editor, in addition to his other arduous duties, says he has packed wood, built fires, cooked for himself and compositors, fought mosquisoes, and slept on prairie hay on the ground, besides superintending building a house. His writing-deek is a big shingle lying on his knees.

HAINEMANN.

Mrs. Mowatt says that while in Paris, she had occasion to use some of the remedies of Hahmemann, and she applied for them to the physician himself, at his residence. She describes him as "a shrivelled, little old rann. He was reclining in a sumptonos arm-chair, with a black velect skull-np on his head, and in his mouth a richly-coangled pine, that reached almost to his knees. skuit-cap on his head, and in his modum a richi enameled pipe, that reached almost to his knee His face reminded me of a ruddy apple that hi been withered by the frost; but the small da eyes deeply set in his head, could scarcely ha glittered with more brilliancy in his lus youth." Such in appearance was the invent of Homocopathy.

EXPLICIT.—The goisiping "London correspondent" of the Inverness Courier writes: "The following instructions, which were given by Lord Palmerston to a foreign-office elerk for answering a letter, you may rely on as authentic. It is an admirable specimen of his court way of transacting official basiness: "Tell him —1, we'll see; 2, to use blacker ink; 3, to round his letters; and 4, that there is no h in exorbitant."

WONDERFUL AFFLES.— The editor of the Manchester Mirror has received a present of an apple which possesses the peculiarity of being sweet upon one side, and sour upon the other. The apple came from the farm recently belonging to Mr. Ebenezer Page, of Dunbarton, N. H. The editor of the Mirror says there are two trees upon the estate which bear fruit of this character—half sweet and half sour.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—This green national work is now a hundred and fifty-eigh feet high, but the funds are nearly exhausted and the board of managers have just made another appeal to their fellow citizens through out the country.

Husband's Rights.—There is an institution in Havana, called the Penale, a sort of hospital where husbands have the power to confine the naughty wives. This power is frequently excised, the husband during the durance of wife paying the jail and subsistence fees.

Bad Opinion of his Rin—A deserted hus-band, in Baltimore, advertises his wife as having left his bed and board, and offers a reward of fifty dollars to any man that is white, and has never been convicted of stealing, who will marry her and take her to California.

FLOUR AND CATTLE.—The quantity of flour shipped daily to Albany, from Buffalo alone, over the Central Road, is about two thousand barrels, and the number of cattle, daily, about five hundred.

A RAPID PASSAGE.—The new clipper ship James Baines, built by Mr. Donald McKay for an English house, has made the passage from Boston to Liverpool in 12 days and 6 hours.

CHEMICAL TEST.—The chemist must be anny man, for he has a retort for everything.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The loss of the Arctic steamer, and so many of her passengers, is a fearful catastrophe.

Rumors are rife of a Cuban "expedition," nearly perfected.

numors are rise of a Cansan "expension," tearly perfected.

The population of the Turkish empire, in Euope, Asis and Africa, is 27,000,000.

Ex-Governor Slade has gone west with anothre batch of sehood ma'ams.

In Utah, on the death of a man, his property
all descends to the church.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an
qual agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

Mr. Pratt, the great American traveller, we
re pleased to say, is convalecent.

The loss to American underwriters by the
Arctic will be over half a million.

Arctic will be over half a million.

Nancy Loomis was fatally burned by a camphene lamp at Halifax, Ct.

The choiern and fever have almost wholly disappeared in southern cities.

Many fruit trees in this vicinity have borne a second crop of blossoms this fall.

Hundreds of our hardy citizens are departing every week to settle in Kansas.

Wisdom is better without an inheritance, than an inheritance without without an inheritance without widom.

Wisdom is better without an inheritance, than an inheritance without wisdom. In three days 100,000 persons visited the Agricultural Fare at Philadelphia. There are fifty times more of spurious wine and spirits sold than of genuine. It is computed that over 25,000 persons died of cholera in London this season. Mr. Couldock has proved highly popular in his engagement at our Museum. Eliza Logan has given \$200 to the Young Men's Benevhelt Society, at Savannah. An exchange calls the union of England and France against Russis, the Bull Frog coalition. The U. S. revenue cutter Morris is to resume her position on the Boston station. A census of Savannah shows a population of 6255 whites, and 5491 blacks.

# CARE OF POULTRY.

CARE OF POLITRY.

As everything connected with poultry now-days has a peculiar interest, we give the following remarks from an English paper. First, of the roots and nest-house. The floor should be exprinkled with ashes, loam, pulverized peat, or fine charcoal, and the floor should be cleaned off overy week. The yard should contain a grass-plot, some fine gravel, slaked line, dy ashes, and pure water. The nests should be lined with moss heath and straw. Evidently the Dorkings are the best breed; they will lay an average of one hundred and eighty-five eggs each per annum. Fowls with black legs are best for roasting, while those with white legs are best for roasting, while those with white legs are best for roasting, while those with white legs are best for bouling. If you want them to sit early leave the eggs under them. Fowls in their native habits enver lay more than they can hatch. Remember that no success can be expected from poul-ry-keeping if their houses be damp, cold, unclean, or badly ventilated; if their food does not approximate to that which they get in a state of nature, viz.: a mixture of animal and vegetable food; if, the water they drink be stagnant, the drainage of the manure heap, etc., or if the strongest and handsomest be not bred from.

# SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

BINGULAR ADVENTURE.

The Gazette de Savoie relates the following, which is said to have taken place in the commune of Villard (Upper Savoy): "Two shepherds, who had charge of a drove of heifers, had just laid out their provisions on the ground in order to take their meal, when they were sud-early pounced upon by a large bear, who, after having devoured all the provender he found, threw himself on one of the shepherds and began tearing his clothes to pieces. While the bear was thus occupied, the heifers, eighty in number, formed into a semi-circle, and making a regular charge on the intruder, drove him from the ground, and released their keeper from certain death. The other man had taken to flight at the first appearance of Bruin, and having climbed a tree witnessed the whole affair in safety.

# A NEW WAY TO PAY POSTAGE.

A NEW WAY TO PAY POSTAGE.

A young gentleman, having occasion to write a letter to a friend in the country, sent it to the office by a German lad in his employ. Having no postage-stamp, he gave him three cents to pay the postage. The gentleman received a reply to his letter, and in it his friend requested that when he wrote again, if he had no stamps, to send the letter without pre-paying, as he had no idea of paying fifteen cents postage on three coppers. The truth was that the lad, on his way to the office, had slipped the cents into the envelope and dropped it into the box.

Verenan Emigrany for Nerharsky.—The

VETERAN EMIGRAYF FOR NEBRASKA.—The Monroc (Indiana) Sentinel says, Mr. Powell, an old Revolutionary soldier, ninety-five years of age, with his wife, seventy-five, recently left for Nebraska, in company with several other citizens of this county. Mr. P. is remarkably halo and vigorous, capable of chasing a deer, with rifle a shoulder, twenty-five miles a day.

ILLINOIS BUTTER.—The Alton Courier says ILLINOIS BETTER.—In O Alton Courser say.

"One of our commission merchants informs
that he has purchased during the past week 70
pounds of country butter, in barrels and kee
for shipment, at twelve and a half cents p
pound. He has also contracted for 5000 me
at the same figure."

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.—The St. Louis Republican speaks of a negro in that city, who was born and brought up in Ireland, and pos-sesses just about the richest brogue to be found among all the emigrants of the Emerald Isle.

INSANE.—A late report of the Senate of Mas sachusetts says that there are now in the custody of the institutions of this State, 1168 insane per sons, of whom 561 are in one hospital.

Too True.—It is as common a thing for grati-de to be forgetful as for hope to be mindful-ne who has drank, turns his back on the well.

# GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,

"Effic's Retter Fortunes," a tale by Henry Baco
(Notes of Foreign Travel," No. 20, by F. Glazano
(Precious Stones," a sketch by Anne T. Whasus
(Eldorado," No. 7, by TROMAS BULFING.
(Fou and I," verses by T. W. WILKINS.
(A Serenada," by Marchin M. Ballou.
(Drops of Thought, "Hose by C. G. Duxn.

This week Pictural contains a view of the Nora Scotia Industrial Exhibition Bublisher.

It was of celebrated Watering Places in Switserland, on the late of Interess.

Interior view of a bathing-room.

Representation of White and Red Short Horn Bulls.

Picture of a Hereford Oz.

Also an engraving of a Short Horn Oz.

Commissioners' Ball, Spring Garden, Philadelphia.

View of the city of Quedes, in Casada.

Now Jersey Viaduct over High Bridge, New Jersey, m the Central Railroad. View of the Convent of the great St. Bernard, Swit-

erland.

A picture representing the successful Deer-Stalker, re-turned from pursuing game in the Highlands, Scotland.

An allaporical scene, representing the Wreath of

\*\* The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Don the United States, at six cents a copy.

# Foreign Items.

According to the Belfast Mercury, the potato crop of Ireland, this season, will amount to £15,000,000.

crop of Ireland, this season, will amoint to £15,000,000.

King Max, of Bavaria, has just granted an allowance of 500 florins, to be repeated next year, to Melchior Meyer, a young Bavarian poet.

Samuel Rogers, the poet, now over ninety-we not need to the program of the progr

in 1894.

The returns of the Prussian income-tax show that, in a population of nearly 17,000,000, there are only three persons enjoying a greater income than £36,000, while in England there are twenty-two persons whose yearly income exceeds the sum of £60,000.

f £50,000.

Madame Dudevant, alias George Sand, whe stirement to a convent was announced so tooths ago, it is now reported, has written istory of her life, in five volumes, and has so manuscript to "La Presse" for 130,6

rranes.

A secret Paris society has just been discovered, which has caused the revelation of some sad extravagances; the head of a dead body, exhumed for the purpose of giving solemnity to the initiation of members who were sworn upon it, was found.

# Dewdrops of Wisdom.

We never desire ardently what we desire ra-

There can be no friendship where there is no

reedom.

From impure air we take diseases; from bad
From jungare, vice and imperfection.

A friend cannot be known in prosperity, and
sun enemy cannot be hidden in adversity.

Some men extinguish their own genius by
copying and striving to assume that of others.

Our ment is the prosperity of the control of the control

opying and striving to assume that of others. Our merit procures us the easteem of men of ease, and our good fortune that of the public. Our enemies, in their judgment of us, some earer to the truth than we do ourselves. Our self-love bears with less patience the con-lemnation of our tasts than our opinion.

Self-love makes men idolize themselves and grannize over others when fortune gives the

An enemy may receive hurt by our hatred; but a friend will suffer a greater injury by our

dissimulation.

Some enemies, as well as friends, are necessary; they make us more circumspect, more diligent, wiser and better.

Those who feel most deeply, are most given to disguise their feeling, and derision is never so agonizing as when it pounces on the wanderings of misguided sensibility.

He that is peremptory in his own story, may meet with another that is peremptory in the contradiction of it; and then the wo Sir Positives must have a skirmish.

Though knowledge may refine and improve taste, it cannot create it; nor can both together produce practical skill and executive art—which all the security are refined. Though knowledge may refine and imposte, it cannot create it; nor can both tog roduce practical skill and executive art—van only be acquired by long and continue rtion of practical industry.

# Joker's Budget.

An hospital for the cure of wooden legs has eeen opened in Buffalo.

The epicure who finished his dinner with the desert of Sahara, found it rather dry eating. If dress makes the man, what does the thornanke! From ten to twenty dollars profit, per-

aps. Sir Philip Sidney defines health in these words: Great temperance, open air, easy labor, little

When does a young lady wish to win more han seven beaux at once 1 When she tries to touchaste (fasten vigul) and the seven beaux at once 1 When she tries to touchaste (fasten vigul) and the seven produced that a fellow with a seven provident—his rich and the seven produced the seven produced the seven produced the seven when his companion, of poorer parentage, explicitly; "4"And my father has a horse and a sam, too, 10".

Waternroot houses made of gutta percha slabs

here, when his companion, so-replied, exulingly: "And my father has a horse und a saw, too!"

Waterproof bouses made of gutta percha slaks are now manufactured. There is one about a subsequence of the same perchange of t

# Quill and Scissors.

Chill and Srissors.

Sickness has a wonderful influence on the heart. If we ever feel like doing a generous action, it is while recovering from a long course of; fever and confinement. Health has its uses, but improving our virtue and goodness is not one of them. All our crimes are committed by men overflowing with blood and robustness that the state of the state of

ing the grade of Passed Midshipman. Napoleon the Year Midshipman. Napoleon the Year Midshipman. Napoleon the Year Midshipman. Napoleon the Year Midshipman was a magnificent and a whist. While "every linch a king," at the Tuille rice in Paris, and the Year Midshipman was equally strong upon him. The Bridgeport Standard records the death, at his reidence on Greenfold Hill, Conn., on the morning of the 8th inst, of Hon. Gideon Tomilisson, wieldy known as on Tomilisson, whelly known as on prominent citizens of Connecticut.

prominent citizens of Connections.

On the 3d of July last, as Mr. Madison White, a former citizen of Calais, Me, was crossing the plains from Texas to California, with a drove of did in a few bound a rows by Indians, and did in a few bound a rows by Indians, and did in a few hand twenty religions, hen only row sance, and that, melied butter. It was also remarked that in England the only ripe fruit was "baked apples."

A reformed burglar is fecturing to crowded houses in the interior of New York State. He has served a term in every priors in the Union, and gives his opinion upon their conduct and management.

and extrem in every prison in the Union, management.

Can a very pale young woman be considered the pink of finkine 1 Ace the currents of the locan always green? Why is a heavily laden river barge called a lighter? We pause for a reply to all the above questions.

Chevalter Bouelli has an invention for the sp. Chevalter Bouelli has an invention for the sp. Chevalter Bouelli has an invention in a labar been pronounced entirely successful, as well in London and Paris as at Parin. An agent of the invention is on his way to the United States.

A letter from Paris reports that two vessels of 2000 tons burthen each, are in course of construction at Nanes, to ply between Havre and The Company of the Company o

same period in 1853.
People should understand that it is cheaper, and in every respect much better, to look up neglected children, and educate them, than to hang them when older.
The Catholic cathedral in San Francisco cost \$200,000, being more than the aggregate cost of any three Protestant church edilices in the place.

any three Protestant church edifices in the place.
Great invention, the saw, It has cared more
dyspepias, blues, and miseries generally, than
the whole race of pills, pakes and powders.
The potato crop, generally, in Rhode Islanda,
than turned out well, in many sections should
and and any actions should be a sure of the protection of

in quantity, and almost everywhere in quality.

The statement that Bayard Taylor has contracted with Mr. T. Nichols, of Cleveland, to deliver two hundred lectures, is incorrect.

Make the most of your minute, says the Emperor Aurelius, and be good for something while it is in your power.

The Breating women think their hundridge.

anker the flost of your minute, says the Emperor Aurelian, and be good for something while it is in your power.

The Russian women think their husbands are becoming cold and indifferent, if they do not flog them once a week.

A viola is an instrument that tortures many for the enjoyment of one.

The valuation of New Bedford for the present year is about \$25,000,000.

# Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. Charles G. Cros-by to Miss Edinsbeth F. Wilkins.
By Rev. Dr. Vinton, Mr. Thomas Ball to Miss Ellen M.
Wild.
By Rev. R. Vinton, Mr. Thomas Ball to Miss Ellen M.
Wild.
By Rev. Alexander Blaikie, Mr. Charles F. Ballar to
Miss Maria Costello.
By Rev. Mr. Burlingham, Mr. Nathaniel E. Corning to
By Rev. Mr. Burlingham, Mr. Nathaniel E. Corning to

stello. Burlingham, Mr. Nathaniel E. Corning to P. Rowell. Neale, Mr. Daniel Bates, to Miss Nancy P. Dyer.

By Rev. Edward Beecher, Mr. William W. Chipman to Miss Ellen M. Redfield.

By Rev. Phiness Stowe, Mr. Benjamin Sanford to Miss Exphenia Wallace.

By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. John Ord to Miss Mary J. Izavior. In Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. James Donough o Miss Sarah Webb.

to Miss Sarah Webb. In Cambridge, by Rev. Dr. Ware, Mr. A. H. Read to Miss Eunice W. Melvin. In Lynn, Mr. Edwin Q. Bacheller to Miss Hannah E. Johnson No. 2010. Mr. Estill G. Bacheller to Mile Hannah E. Johnson.
In Salem, by Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr. John McCreary to Elizabeth and the Mr. Allen, Mr. John McCreary to Elizabeth for Intakethic by Reuben Haffeed, Esq., Mr. William T. Jenney to Miles Mary H. Chandy, H. Charles H. Talender, Mr. Thomas T. Harden, Mr. Market, Mr. Charles D. Hackitz to Miss Serah B. Hart.
In Structural Physics of the Mr. Andrews, Mr. Charles D. Hackitz to Miss Serah B. Hart.
In Sensebumport, Me., Mr. William G. Perkins to Milas Albes M. Essen.

# Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Ellinbeth Alden, S1; Frances S. Alden S; Mr. William Ellison, 45; Mr. John C. Piecett, 51; Si, Mr. William Ellison, 45; Mr. John C. Piecett, 61; Mrs. Meistain Charlodoc, 84; Mr. Sansail Hamburg, 62; Mrs. Meistain Charlodoc, 84; Mr. Sansail Hamburg, 83; Mrs. Meistain Charlodoc, 84; Mr. Sansail Hamburg, 84; Mrs. Ghillian Chrystallia H. Coper, 10; twin son of Hill-Law of Milliand, Mrs. Hannal Somers of Frone, Som-At Charlesform, Mrs. Hannal Somers of Frone, Som-

am and Eliza Cooper.
At Charlestown, Mrs. Hannah Somers of Frome, Somerstahire, Rogiand, 82.
At Mestiord, Mrs. Amelia A. Howe, wife of Mr. George Cove, 24.
At Nuckbridge, Mrs. Lucy B., wife of Rev. Bancroft owler. 59.

At Worcester, Mrs. Enzire, wife of Mr. William Willams, [50]. Georgia Mrs. Samuel G. Hadeon, 47.
At Portland, Mrs. Chilo, which we find the Dr. Charles
S. W. Materford, Ohio, Mrs. Samuel, wife of Abel Vinion,
Ed.; G. Gardine, Cd. Charler, Roto, 54.
At San Prancisco, Mr. Winn M. Himsey, 50; Mr. Sylvester B. Peline, Mrs. Franklin Wade, 26; Cuptain David
At Ginatalongue, Latther Russell, on of Capptain Latther
At Ginatalongue, Latther Russell, on of Capptain Latther

Oft on the mountain's rugged side,
Where rocks on rocks majestic ride,
I've sought thy beauteous form;
I've found thee in the vale below,
Sparkling midst heaps of drifted snow,
And in the wintry storm.

Again, when summer's milder reign Has clad in varied charms the plain, She loves in streams to lave; Oft plunging from the river's side, While sephyra rippled o'er its tide, I've found thee in the wave.

everish dreams and aching he told me health was flown.

, dissipation, hence adicu! tavern feast, the motley crew, o more have charms for me; gay debauch can please no more, drunken nich, midnight roar, he song, the catch, the glee.

Henceforth to rural haunts I go,
Through summer's heat and winter's me
Thy smiles again to share;
And thou, as well known scenes I hail,
Fresh strength with every breath exhale,
Once more shall be my care.

### [Written for The Flag of our Union.] THE ARTIST'S STRATAGEM.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

# CHAPTER I.

"And now," cried Frank Lemington, throwing himself upon a little mean, dilapidated sofa, "I am for the first time penniless. Not able to get a monthful of bread, upon my ascred honor. Sell I what shall I sell!" be ejeculated, as if inreply to some suggestion made by his inserior self; "what in fact is there to sell? That old bureau I paid—amazing sum, fifty cents for; no secret springs in it either. Wonder what it would bring now! Here's a sofa, valued thirty-seven and a half, and that old chest, relic of my theat-rical foolery, contains a wardrobe that no living soul but myself could wear—and that only for farce," he continued, rising up and pacing the floor.

floor. The large, old apartment did look cheeriess without a fire. To be sure there was a bright imitation of yellow blaze and sombre smoke over the fireplace, with its black hearth, but it was, alas, painted, though by such a gonial heart it had almost given heat to the cauvass. There were many pictures scattered about—several plaster casts artistically arranged, britishesses of the property of

es, palette pencils laid in confusion on the floor and table—an easel noted in the best light the room affordels, a few chairs leaned stifly against the unpspered walls.

Frank Lemington had struggled with poverty all his life, he had been wild, but not dissolute; a dishonorable action had never stained his reputation. With real geoise, yet no means of study, he had produced some incomparable potential—but unknown and penniless, he could get but few orders. He had once strutted on the stage, and there is no knowing to what histionichonors he might have attained, had not a singular pain forewarmed him that the stretch of his vocal powers was too much for him, coupled as it was with his labor as an artist.

Still he was miserably poor, spite of his coura-

ivox in powers was too much for him, coupled as it was with his shor as an artist.

Still he was miscrably poor, spite of his courseous exclanation which he omitted not morning or night. "I'll be a great painter—I'll be something yet, in spite of it all."

Frank was supperless and therefore hungry. His only acquaintance in the city had gone out of town—and what young man of spirit would get trusted for a supper? Zounds' to long for a piece of bread! It was too bad!

He put on his hat, wrapped his cleak grandly over his threadbare garments, and passed out into the entry, walking slowly. On the landing at the foot of the stairs he met the old widow lady of whom he hired his room, and owing only one week'kernet, boltly wished her a good evening. She was a lady-like woman, and rarely spoke to the boarders, but to-night she felt communicative.

"We're fixing for a narve Me Louisert.

She was a lady-like woman, and rarely spoke to her boarders, but to-night she felt communicative.

"We're fixing for a party, Mr. Lemington, and if we might have the honor of your company, I'm sure my daughter and myself will be much pleased,"

"Your daughter!" said Frank, standing still for a moment, with one foot on the lower stair, "I was not aware you had a daughter—I have never seen any one but yourself!"

"O, she's been to school all her life," answered the simple landlady, "and on her coming home to stay, I feel as if she ought to have some sort of welcome of the kind, and so I'm going to let her have a party. She hasn't had one, poor thing, since her father field."

"And when will your party take place!"

"O dear, that's what darling and I are in such a strait about; for the great room on the ground floor, just back of this one, sir, wants whitewasher can I get for love or money at this buay time; not for whole weeks; and the party's put for Tharsbay; that's in two days, you see."

A scheme flashed through Frank's clever brain. "I cannot starve," he thought, "I will not beg, but I must have something to cat while I am flinishing Ella's picture. My good Mrs. Blake," he answered, after a moment's seeming consultation with memory, "I think I know a man who will do your whitewashing in two days."

"I'm so glad!" exclaimed the little widow, clasping her hands.

days."
"I'm so glad!" exclaimed the little widow, clasping her hands.

sping her hands.

He is rather singular though about his terms
the doesn't charge the usual price, but is concrably more reasonable; but he would expect

to take his meals here. He has been, you understand, a sort of gentleman, but—" and Frank would have gone on butting till night, had not the landlady interrupted him.
"O, all the better," reied the widow. "Tll give him what he asks and his meals beside; but I sha'n't want him to come you know till nine or half past."
"I'll engage him," said Frank, and then added as he went out, "that's better than poison or pistols, young man; and be sure if you're brave you'll always get out of difficulty. You must of course go without supper to raight; but by getting up at daybreak, working hard at the picture for four hours or so, now that it is nearly completed, you'll get it done this week, old fellow. Courage, Frank, and thank your mother and the stars that you're not too pred to work at any thing that's honest."
Frank took a long walk, and could not avoid

stars that you're not too proud to work at any
thing that's honest."
Frank took a long walk, and could not avoid
passing by pastry shops and eating-rooms from
whence his own hungry hunanity snuffed the
savory scents eagerly; but afterwards laughing
at himself, and repeating occasionally, "too bad," he hurried on home. His walk had
done him good—and made him ravenous, too.
What was his surprise on entering his lonely
chamber, to find upon the table a brown paper
package; and what his further state of astonishment, when upon carefully undoing it, out fell
a neat supply of sandwiches—new white bread
thinly covered with butter and mustard, and
snugly tucked between "Fresh, sweet bacon, fat
and lean."

snigly tacked between "Fresh, weet succus, in and lean."

"O joyful surprise!" exclaimed Frank, extending theatrically his right hand and the sand-wiches—"but where the dickens did they come from ! What good angel, or good fairy, or good creature of some sort, left them here, I wonder!" For a moment he stood thinking; then swallowing his amazement with a large bite of bread and bacon, he seated himself and had a good supper. "Only," he muttered—"it would be so much more delicious with tea."

O discontended mortals that we are! Who can lay his hand on his heart and say "I want no more!"

on much more delicious with tea."

O discontented mortals that we are! Who can lay his hand on his heart and say "I want no more!"

Here was the secret of the sandwiches. Susy Blake saw the rather interesting and handsome young artist go out and pass by the window. Her counin, a dashing girl with a small fortune, had ast for her portrait, and line Hetters to the boarding-school Susy, she was forever eulogizing the "divine Frank Lemington and his studio." Susy drew her own conclusions from this—and anticipated being asked to the wedding. Susy was romantic, and almost crazy to see a painter's studio. "It must be very beaufild," she thought, "and if mother don't see me, and he's gone—I'll just run up and take a look." Now the young lady was engaged for a picnie for the morrow, one of those free and easy kind where the frolickers carry their own refreshments, and she held in her hand a small brown paper, carefully folded over a goodly number of sandwiches. This, without thinking, the still retained, as she racautiously up stairs. The key she carried, excely fitted; the lock swung round, the door new open, and she was for the first time in her life within the hallowed precinces of genius.

Well, Susy found nothing very wonderful there, but she walked round, admiring the very fine paintings, and stopping occasionally before one worthiest of her admiration. It was the face of a beauful girl, and the expression was angelic. As Susy stood there, her hands emarely folded, her hair, which was very bright and pretty, falling softly and cloud-like over her shoulders, a sweet smile of satisfaction and admiration upon her handsome features, a close observer might have detected some likeness between the girl and the picture. The same soft blue eyes, over which the setting sun threw a mellow lustre, the same breath, for the arrist was a supplied to the window— "mercy, there he is "shoulders, as were smile of expression.

"Who can it be "" thought Susy, going mechanically to the window— "mercy, there he is "shoulders, as were tr

you see now Providence sent a supper to the penniless painter. Susy never remembered her luncheon until she was going away next morning. Poor Susy, her checks were like crimson; "what will he think of me?" she whispered, after looking over her store of cake and fruit, forgetting that he could of course know nothing about it.

THE WHITEWASHER.

On the following morning Frank was up be-times. He felt a little faint, but then, thought he, "I shall get a good breakfast by-and-by, and money enough to-morrow to keep me till next-week; then I hope my patron will be liberal, for really I think I have done myself justice;" and he gazed, with hand and brush suspended, upon his morte.

ne gazea, with manu and orush suspended, upon his work.

It was nearly nine. Frank sat before his easel in a shabby, genteel dressing gown, well adorned with huge tassels. Thrown rather foppishly over his jetty curls was a really rich cap, embroidered with silk and gold thread, and further ornamented with a broad gold band. The door suddenly opened; a lad and a young lady entered; the latter, in all but her extremely fashionable dress, very much like Susy Blake. A flush mounted to Frank's cheeks and his eyes sparkled with pleasure. He sprang rather than arose from his chair, and stammered something about his dishabille.

"O, never mind," said the lady, refusing with

about his dishabile.

"O, never mind," said the lady, refasing with a motion of her hand the chair he offered her.
"I only called in to tell you I and Charley will be ready to sit again on Monday. When is the exhibition to take place?"
"Not for some two months yet, so there is plenty of time," was the answer, laying his brush on the table, and wiping his bespattered head on his deressing-gown.

"O plenty," was the lady's answer, "good morning;" and she went out taking the sunshine

with her, leaving the artist standing as if spell-bound.

"Alias, what it is to be poor!" he exclaimed bitterly, throwing off his eap, almost angrily, and divesting joins his effect of his dressing golynamics of his desired properties. The second of the

mirror, "my best freues worst enemy could not mow."

His best friend or his worst enemy could not indeed have recognized, in the bloway, coarse-looking face, any resemblance to Lemington—so complete was his disguise.

Going down hastily, he told his hostess that he was the man sent by the painter to white-wash. She was ready for him—but first, would not he like a little breakfast! He looked cold.

not he like a little breakfast! He looked cold.

No objection in the world, thought Frank, as the demurely assented; and sitting down, he did himself justice, and astonished the widow, who aswa she had the worst of the bargain; "but, poor man," sollloquized the good-hearted woman, "who knows? Maybe the poor things and a good meal for a week." Frank was by himself nearly all that day; but the next, Susy had returned. She stood at the great kitchen table, her sleeves turned up, and her fair white arms immersed in soapsuds to the elbow, her dark locks turned coquettishly over, the tips escaping in charming little ringlets. They did not of course mind the whitewasher; and so Susy rattle® on, happily unconscious of the beating heart and wandering glances of the stranger towards herself.

stranger towards herself.

"How much she is like her cousin," he thought, "yet how unlike. More beautiful certainly in her simplicity, than she in her finery, yet Marie is lovely, and alas, I fear beloved." Upon this he sighed so hard that Susy turned half about and wondered what that noise was.

### CHAPTER III.

SUST'S OFINION—MARIE'S OFINION.

"Mother," said Susy,—the bustling little woman was lighting up the big oven—"did you say you had invited our lodger up stairs—I mean the painter."

"Yes," replied the widow, hastily retreating from a cloud of pine-wood smoke, and then lustily using the bellows.

"Didn't Cousin Marie ask you to?" continued Susy, rissing the tuniblers that were to be put in requisition the night following.
"To be sure, she did; you know she's sittin' for her picter," replied her mother.
"I thought there was a face up there that looked like her, only better."
"Gracious me!" cried the widow, turning round, while the whitewash brush went amazingly slow; "when did you see a face up there—what do you mean? when was you in that man's room !"

Susy's complexion was crimson all over. However there was no alternative—the story of her visit and the sandwiches must be told.
"Ho, that's the secret! Thought Frank, stopping his work, and giving the wig such a turn over with one hand, that it came near failing off. Luckliy, nobody saw it.
"Well, Susan, all I've got to say, is, that

over with one hand, that it came near failing off. Luckily, noboly saw it. "Well, Susan, all I've got to say, is, that you are served just right, going into the lodger's rooms that way; pretty manners." "Don't Marie go often?" asked the young girl, quite subdued.

irl, quite subdued.
"You know Marie isn't the kind of person I'd

"You know Marie init' the kind of person I'd have you copy, Susan; you know she always was bold and forward, and has had lovers ever since she was twelve years old, yes, and jilted them, too."

Sasy was silent for a moment, then she said—
"I think she likes the painter. By the way she used to write to me at school, I concluded they were engaged, and going to be married."

"When!" whistled Frank to himself—and whitewashed viccorously.

wave engagod, ann gong to be married."

"Wheen" whisted Frank to himself—and
whitewashed vigorously.

"Well, I don't know," continued the widow,
"but it's my private opinion, the young man is
poor. Anyhow, he don't have many calls."

"Bact "put in Frank, setto roce.
"And I'm certain Marie wouldn't marry, as she
herself says, less than ten thousand."

"Then she wouldn't marry me," thought the
whitewasher, beginning to think Susy extremely
beautiful and graceful, as she went about so dutifully working for her mother.

"For my part," said the mother, vigorously
pushing back in the great soed grimmed oven a
batch of forward pies to make room for cakes,
"for my part, I'm glad I haven't brought you
up with such notions. A good decent trade and
something a beet beforehand, is enought to make
any grid contented."

something a teetie beforehand, is enough to make any girl contanted."

"Well, it's my opinion," said Susy, "that Marie is really in love this time, and I'm sure she couldn't find a handsomer man."

Frank's complexion took the hue of his wig.

"Handsome is that handsome does," remarked the widow, very pithily.

Not five ninutes after with great rustling and show, in came Marie.

"How busy you are," she cried, laughing.

"You see my hands are in the dough," said Susy's mother.

"And mine in the suds," cried Susy, gaily;
"but stop, I'll get you a chair."

"No, don't trouble yourselves—but how nice

you've going to look! may a body speak to you after to day! I hope, aunty, you've asked Mr. Lemington. I'm glad you have;" she added in a voice of satisfaction, as the widow responded, "aint he a love of a man."

'He's a very nice man I should think," said Susy, quietly.

"Nice man—I guess he is; just look at his genius. Papa says he can't fail to be at the head of his profession in a few years. I think he's a beauty."

Frank retreated into one of the thirty-six corners that composed the old flashioned kitchen. He thought to himself "perhaps after all it is true this beautiful girl loves me, and is willing to accept my genius in lice of money—and she true this beautiful girl loves me, and is willing to accept my genius in lieu of money—and she would bring me—gold. Yes," he mentally added, "but what is gold without het sweetest virtues of womanhood?" Then his thoughts reverted to the supperless evening—and on the whole he felt that with a fortune brought him by a lovely wife, and his own fame, which in such a case would bring him patronage, he should be happier than he was then.

"Who is that fright?" he heard Marie whisper from his corner; "what a searcerow?"
"I shall wear white to morrow," said Suz, "and a wreath of natural roses."
"And I intend to be dressed in the very dress."

rer rrom his corner; "what a scarcerow!"

"I shall wear white to morrow," said Susy,
"and a wreath of natural roses."

"And I intend to be dressed in the very dress
I'm to be painted in."

"Ah, you mean to captivate the young artist,"
said Susan, archly.

"No trouble in the world about that," replied
Marie, laughing again, and speaking very confidently—"all men are easily captivated. I rather think he's caught before this."

"Not so sure of that," ejaculated Frank,
and, it struck him for the first time, the bold expression of the other.

"There I I'll declare if there aint the wood,
and not a soult os split and saw it. Do you ever do such jobs, good man?"

"O yes," replied Frank, "but I couldn't till to-morrow."

"Well. I'll have it mat it is the sure of the sure is the sure of the sure is the sure of the sure

"Uyes, "types"
"Well, I'll have it put in the woodshed, and
you shall have the job. Somehow I like you;
I think you're an honest workman. I declare,
girls, he's got he queerest hair. I'm sure some
of it is coal black. I shouldn't wonder if he'd
been using hair dye."

THE LETTER AND THE WOODSAWTER.

THE LETTER AND THE WOODSAWEER.

"Portune has smiled upon me," thought
Frank, carelessly, as that evening the landlady
brought up three letters, saying, as she gave them
to him, that she had been to his room with them
long ago, but he was out.
He opened the first. It was an order for a
painting by a very rich and munificent gentleman.
"Brave!" cried Frank, snapping his fingers.
The second was from his only bosom friend and
contained only matters of private importance—
but the third i he broke the seal lightly, threw
his eyes over it, sprang up, looked at the signature, and then in his enthusiams, overthrowing
a chair and a small table, he shouted at the top
of his voice, "hurrah;" and then with dumb
signs capered round the room—his face glowing,
his eyes almost on fire—intense joy lighting up
his handsome face.

signs capered round the room—his face glowing, his yess almost on fire—intense [oy lighting up his bandsome face.

"Well, I tell you what, Frank Lemington," he exclaimed, "standing before his little mirror, that letter was a regular stunner—excesse him, he didn't often use alang words—"to think that he old West Indian should remember me; eighty thousand—hurrah! throw up your cap. Frank, you're a wealthy man and a match for—oy, even for Marie."

The fact was, this momentous letter informed him of the decease of an old second uncle, whom he had long forgotten, but who had resided for the last two years in the vicinity of the city. Having no heirs but Frank, he had generously remembered him in his will, and left him, besides his beautiful house and grounds, eighty thousand dollars.

"Now the young artist must be at L.—," add the letter, "carly the next day." "But the old lady's wood," thought Frank. "I'll be home in time and see the fun out."

And so he was. Chuckling within himself he donned his frightful wig, and with the addition of a pair of ragged overalls, he commenced his work.

It was the night of the party; the whole house was brilliantly illuminated. Richly dressed

of a pair of ragged overalls, he commenced his work.

It was the night of the party; the whole house was brilliantly illuminated. Richly dressed belies and beaux were promending in at the front entrance, while Frank, laughing in his sleeve, sawed wood at the back—in a shed where the widow had hung a little oil lamp.

Dame Blake was neither rich nor flashionable; she had her own, independent notions of the fitness of things; hence at an earlier hour than fashion required, she had refreshments served. Frank stood wiping his forehead, just beginning to think the farce wouldn't pay, when he heard voices. Susy and Marie stood in one of the deep, old-fashioned window-places that led from he large back parlor, though entirely cencealed from view by the projecting cornies that in a strange old style terminated in a sort of balcony, and from that hong thick though faded vines.

"Why do you suppose he hasn't come yet?" inquired Marie, anxiously.

"I can't think," answered her cousin; then she added, lightly, "you are certainly bewitched with him, for you have seemed so dull, so unlike yourself tonight."

"Pshaw," returned Marie in a vexed tone, "Il don't care two cents for him only to flirt with."

"Say you so ?" whispered Frank to himself.

h."
Say you so?" whispered Frank to himself.
O that is wicked, Marie, and you will get

him to love you dearly."

"Of course I shall;" returned Marie, coldly.
"And then turn him off?"

"O Maria, you think he is poor, but I as an a centleman who was here to see mam "O Maria, you think he is poor, but I assure you a gentleman who was here to see mama to-day, assured us that Mr. Lemington had just had a handsome fortune left him by an uncle, who, dying, bequeathed him all his property." "Is that so?" inquired Marie, with energy;

then don't say another word, I'll marry

him."
"If you can?" queried Susy, slily, and

"If you can?" queried Susy, siliy, and laughing.
"No fear of that," returned the other; "he'd give all he's worth for a smile from me, now."
"Would be 'I' said Frank to himself.
"There, the poor wood-awyer;" cried Susy,
"I'm going to send him out a plate of cake."
"That old curmidgeon! he's a perfect fright," replied Marie, rosaly. "I wouldn't trouble my-selid about him."
"But he's poor—he works hard—he shall have some cake," persisted her gentle cousin.
Frank sat as if exhausted on a monster log. Something in white garments, looking like an angel came out and offered him refreshments.
"God bless you, beautiful creature," he uttered earnestly. Another moment and she was gone.

### CHAPTER V.

CHAPTER V.

THE BIGH ARTIST.

How noble and handsome he looked—Frank
Lemington—as he ensered the widow's room,
his face beaming with happiness.

Susy modestly shrank back in the crowd;
Marie velcomed him, paying him every attention in her power—using every fascinating art.
Her heart beat high; now fe wor rich, she allowch be selfish self to love him, and she madly
worshipped him.

Her hearr beat high; now he was rich, she allowed her selfish self to love him, and she madly worshipped him.

In vain all her arts. Frank sought the blushing cousin, and astonished, she knew not why, she still could not but note the expression of his glance. It was very sweet to her, "but why should he seek me 1" she murmured, "when there is Marie, so much richer and more beautiful?" In a few words he told her why, and to Marie's anger, grief, indignation and remores, Casy Blake was Frank Lemington's betrothed—the "little Susy Blake—that poor, unaccomplished thing. Plaha "!"

Frank and Susy were married. They had a splendid wedding, and forthwith removed into their beautiful house.

One day Sasy was started by the entrance of the whitewasher, red locks and all. He seated himself familiarly upon the rich lounge, and regarded the lady with his old, strange stare.

"Who are you? what do you want? Mr. Lemington is not at home, "she repeated rapidly, rising and facing the door.

"Susy," exclaimed the strange apparition, inclining his head sideways, and smilling most inclining his head sideways, and smilling most had placed in her bosom in her agitation.

Trowing off his hair, his whiskers, his false opebrows, Frank held out his arms. Susy reashed into them with a scream of delight—"it can't be you was he," she cried, laughing till the tears ran; "what did you do it for?"

"No matter what I did it for," he answered, kissing her beautiful cheek, "since it gained me a true, loving wife."

kissing her beautiful cheek, "since is gained me a true, loving wife."

HOW AN INDIAN CAN DIE.

A touching instance of this characteristic ratic convenience of the chippewas and a greatly superior party of Sioux, near Cider Island Lake. The Chippewas, who were en route for a scalping foray upon the Sioux villages on the Minnesons, here fell into an ambuscade, and the first single foray upon the Sioux villages on the Minneson, here fell into an ambuscade, and the first single foray upon the Sioux villages on the Minneson, here fell into an ambuscade, and the first single foray the first contrades were loth the first contrades were loth the single foray the first contrades were loth cheep the first contrades were loth the would show his centeries how a Chippewa of the would show his centeries how a Chippewa long with his back leaning against a tree. He commanded them to leave him, telling them that low would show his centeries how a Chippewa long with his back leaning against a tree. He commanded them to leave him, telling them that long with his back leaning against a tree. He commanded the sound show his centeries how a Chippewa and the scalping knives, and serecching forth their demoniac yells of exultation, not a look or gestare manifested that he was even aware of their presence. At length they seized him and tore his scalp from his lead. Still season with the song the scalping knives, and serecching forth their demoniac yells of exultation, not a look or gestare manifested that he was even aware of their presence. At length they seized him and tore his scalp from his lead. Still stone of the number of the scalping knives, and serecching forth which have the scalping knives, and serecching forth their demonstration, and although they seized him and tore his scalp from his gain the scalp scale him and t

# ROOKERIES.

ROOKERIES.

In some of the old countries a kind of bird, resembling the crane, is in the habit of building near, and even on, the habitations of men. Their ness, called rookeries, are continued by the same father over partial to them, not disturbing them. They have a supersition reverence for them, and a man thinks his cottage safe from fire, so long as a rookery remains upon it. The cottagers set these nests in order, just before the birds are considered to the control of the cont

their.

The rooks return, without fail, every year on the 28th day of March, and with a return billet upon the tim, which the people keep laid up, from year to year, in their archives, but which have, as yet baffied all the learned among them to depler, and which no travellers or missionaries have yet been found able to interpret.—Wolash Express.



# THE CUIRASSIER OF SALAMANCA

- OB, -THE SPANISH MAIDEN'S REVENGE.

BY CHARLES E. WAITE

THE SPANISH MAIDEN'S REVENGE.

BY CHARLES E. WAITE.

This seventh coalition against Bonsparie was formed, and the Spanish peninsials had become the scene and centre of all the horrors attendant on avarge and unredenting war.

Castile, once the garden of Spain, where every thing invited to indelent repose—where the sense were lated by the retailing of groves, and the murmars of rusaning streamlets—where the ripening pomegranates and the thickets of myrties, citrons and oranges delighted the eys, and where the sweet tones of the lute were wont to greet the ear at eventide—had been ravaged by a desoluting, foreign foe. The heart saddened as the eye roamed over that once beautiful and optient land,—mor stripped of its waving fields of grain, and smoking with the ruiss of those cities renowned in Moorish story.

Vast plains, destitute of tree or shrub, appeared on every side, surrounded by long mountain ranges, mottled with variegated marbles and granites, around whose cliffs the vulture and the eagle wheeled, ready at any moment to pounce upon their unsuspecting vicine.

Yet amid all this desolation, engulphed in the bosoms of the mountains, were the most beautiful and verdant valleys, where the desert and the garden strove for the mastery—and where the very rocks were covered with carpets of velvet turf, from which sprang the fig or orange tree.

A stranger was sauntering among the mountain passes of the Contalpline, now scrambling up a rough ascent, and now leaping across a chasm in the earth, made by some giant convulsion of nature, when suddenly, as he stood upon a massive granite boulder which was detached from the native rock, his eye rested upon a thick column of smoke which was slowly ascending from behind a neighboring peak. The young man was armed, and his armor betokened him an officer in the Cuirassiers of the Old Gaard of Napoleon. Considerably above the ordinary height—broad shoulder was howly ascending from behind an neighboring peak. The young man as air condition, which, rising higher and higher, s

""Tis not then the soldiers of the Little Corporal alone, who lay waste the fair hills of Spain. But I must be away and ascertain what new marks of love the British have been showing the peasantry of Castile?"

Thus saying, he traned, and leaping chasms and creeping along narrow footpaths on the very edges of precipices, he pushed on, gained the peak behind which he had een the smoke ascend, when to his surprise he found himself separated from it by still another cliff. Still on he pushed, slowly he descended, clinging to the boughs of old trees, and dislodging constantly fragments of rocks, which, falling into the torrests below, awaken echoes on every side.

After every obstacle is surmounted, he sees below him the smouldering ruins of the pleasant village of Navaladid, over which the clouds of smoke still hung. Slowly he approaches the seen of desolation, and stopping before the mouldering remains of a cottage which had been somewhat larger than its fellows, gazes sadly on the scene before him.

Here lay the body of an old gray-haired man, his white locks clottled with grove, and his skull struck open by a blow from a murket. But dearly had the murderer paid for that blow, for amid the ashes, he lay all covered with dirt and gove, his right arm still grayphing in death the murdereas masket, and the life blood slowly ooxing from his glusstly wounds.

Sickened by the slight, he was about to leave the spot, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a fair vision stood before him. A strange picture it was—that fair young Spanish maiden, as as as toted among those blackened ruins—bra lake, and a fair vision stood before him. A strange picture it was—that fair young Spanish maiden, as as he stood among those blackened ruins—bra lake, and a fair wision stood before him. A strange picture it was—that fair young Spanish maiden, as as he stood among those blood disgusts men black gover fair the had a danger than the had a superared poun the scene. Unconsciously the young man's hand grasped the hadien disregarding th

A few moments walk through the charred and deserted village brought them to a winding and precipitous path, up which the maiden sprang, and bade her companion follow. Quickly the young officer sprang to her side, and together they passed the crumbling gateway of an old Netdal castle.

Crossing the court and ascending a flight of crumbling stone steps, they stood within the ancient hall of the castle. The place had been used for the church, and at the farther end stood the alars. Ecfore it lay the body of a young man weltering in blood. The floor was slippery and the alars itself was bepartered and bedaubed. Bewildered and astonished at the scene, the soldier looked to the maiden for an explanation. In a voice husky with passion, she said:

"He was slain there! The traitorous Briton, like a coward, struck him as he kneeled before the altar! Would that he were here! I would tell him of the D'Aguilar of the dagger," who that had been the same dagger that poured out her life blood should tell him of the D'Aguilar of the dagger, who won dastard heart!"

"Maiden," said the Cuirassier, "deep must have been the wrong done thee, thus to allow revenge to take so deep a hold upon thy thoughts. It was a dark deed, and one that demands redress!"

"General Deroche, although you know me not, till you are known to me. I saw you as you bounded from cliff to cliff, and my heart

redress!"
"General Deroche, although you know me not, still you are known to me. I saw you as you bounded from cliff to cliff, and my heart bear fast within my breast, for I knew you were both brave and honorable. Hearken to me! He," pointing to the body, "was dearer to me than life. He was my betrothed. Say not then that my anger is too flerce!" Thus saying, she drew Deroche towards the cross behind the altar, and placing his hand upon the emblem, spate in a voice more like that of a spirit of the tomb, than mortal!

avoice more like that of a spirit of the tomb, than mortal:

"If thon wouldst avenge a helpless maiden, swear by that sacred symbol to pursue the foul assassin to the death!"

Moved by the solemnity of the place, and the terrible energy of her voice, as it resounded through the lofty arches and decayed ceiling of the hall, the astonished general slowly pronounced the words: "I swear!"

Scarcely had they passed the portals of his lips, when she dropped upon her knee before him, and clasping her hands, exclaimed:
"Isabella D'Aguilar blesses you for that yow!"

Inexpressibly lovely did she look, as she gaz-

Inanous L'Aguilar blesses you for that vow!"

Inexpressibly lovely did she look, as she gazed with her dark lustrous eyes, bordered by their long lashes, and shaded by their jetty brows, into the frank and handsome countenance of her companion. Her dress was in perfect harmony with her beauty. A tightly fitting caplon of green velvet encircled her waits. Below it fell a skirt of the finest silk, while from beneath its drapery peeped a tiny foot of which the ancient Gaditians might have been proud.

"Arise, fair lady," said the gallant cavalier. "It becomes you not to kneed at the feet of your inferior."

As he spoke, the beautiful Yeah-like.

As he spoke, the beautiful Isabella rose, and

"It becomes you not to kneet at the teet of your inferior."

As he spoke, the beautiful Isabella rose, and he continued:

"Now tell me, whose life blood am I to spill. For first mast the villain be known, before my yow can be fulfilled."

"Know then," said the maiden, her voice trembling with emotion, "the assassin was the proud and haughty Stanley, the General of the English Cuirassiers!"

"Tis well," answered Deroche, his dark eye flashing, and his frame quivering with suppressed passion. "It too well remember that the coward attacked and killed a wounded and unarmed brother, and this arm shall not sheath the sword, until it has drunk his life blood! But now, fair madien, farewell! Yethear my vow; before another moon shall change her disk, Isabella D'Aguilar shall he avenged!"

"Farewell," echoed the maiden, pressing his extended hand. "Farewell, and may God and the holy virgin bless you!"

Long did she gaze after him, as he hurried along the winding path and gained the mountain side, until his form disappeared behind the naked and broken summit of the distant crag, over which hung he sunset clouds. A tear stood in her eye as she left the spot, and as the last rays of the can be proud into the distiplated windows of the castle, that village, so lately filled with joyous and happy hearts, was indescribably silent and devolate. The destroyer had done his work.

For two days the armics of Portugal had been.

For two days the armies of Portugal had been upon the march. Crowds of hussars, like hungry Cossacks hung around their flanks, while over and anon the cannon opened their mouths, and the swift ball ploughing up the earth, made huge gaps in their ranks. Still within musket shot of each other, in one solid wall, and presenting the same resistless barrier of steet, those mighty armies marched on, straining every nerve to outstrip each other.

shot of each other, in one solid wall, and presenting the same resistless barrier of steel, those mighty armies marched on, straining every nerve to outstrip each other.

But their tired limbs were to be rested—for its com became evident that the "battle of maneauvers" was ended. Marmont had outgenerated his enemy, and Wellington must retreat. The sun sank behind the purple mountains of Contalpine, and spread a stream of effulgent light over the valley of the Duero, while the distant Guarena, covered with a sultry wapor that caught the setting rays, seemed to spread out in the distance like a golden sea. Not a breath of air disturbed the silence of the hour—not a sound was heard except whenever and non the music of the bands hoated through the silent air, as they played some stirring march to discrept when the short of the sands hoated through the silent air, as they played some stirring march to cheer the discrept when the shown the distant mountains, poured her flood of tempered light upon the snow-white tents that covered the mountain side, and the tired armies slept. Nothing disturbed the quiet of that mild and beautiful valley, save the measured tread of the sentinel. Before the sun rose again, the columns of the French were in motion, in order more completely to outflank the foe. The trumpets sounded the charge, and the English squadrons poured like a torrent from the magnitainepast of the french were in motion, in order more completely to outflank the fee. The trumpets sounded the charge, and the English squadrons poured like a torrent from the magnitainepast on the french were in motion, in order more completely to outflank the fee. The trumpets sounded the charge, and the English squadrons poured like a torrent from the magnitainepast of the french were in motion, in order more completely to outflank the fee. The trumpets outflet their vast masses into the plain against the French herd. Not a shot was fired. In firm and close array, that devoted band received the rolling flood of the enemy; but nothing

the field. Tarning to Deroche, Marmont shouted, "Tell Montereau to bring up the Hussars and attack the English right !"
Scarcely had he said it, when he reeled from his saddle and fell into the arms of him to whom he had spoken.

The heavy tread of the armies as they again moved to battle was heard,—the thunder of cannon rolled over the distant Pyrenees, and covered the plain on which more than eighty thousand men were engaged in mortal combat. Still, hour after hour, the impettous Deroche was compelled to remain by the side of his general. At length as a crash of artillery shook the cabin in which he lay, the wounded Marmont spoke:

"Deroche, leave me! Join your brave fellows and urge them on to victory. This voice which should have steadled our ranks, and wrung victory out of defeat, is not heard in the conflict. O that I could use this good sword which so often has been the guiding star to the thousands who have crowded after. But go, I hear the bugles sound the charge."

"And leave you! Neve!" cried the noble Cuirassier.

"Go, and leave me!" repeated the general.

Cuirassier.

"Go, and leave me!" repeated the general.

"I am but a wounded worm. I command you!"

"Now," cried the general of horse, as he left the marshal, "Labella D'Aquilar shall be avenged." As he mounted his steed the English trumpets ounded the charge, and in the next moment the scarlet uniforms of the British moved fearlestly down against the dark masses of the French infantry. But there was a counter blast, and before its schoes had died away, the Imperial Guard moved over the plain. One form towers in the rare above all others. It is that of the galland Deroche. "On," he shouted, and the serriced cohorts rush upon the foc. The onset was terrible; bayened crossed bayones, and the clangro of steel, as they intermingled in such wild conflict, was heard above the uporac of the battle. The struggle was long and fierce, but the charges of that Old Guard were of no avail. The danntless Deroche accompanied by a few of his trusty followers made straight for the spot where the haughty Stanley stood surrounded by a few of his trusty followers made straight for the spot where the haughty Stanley stood surrounded by a few of his trusty followers made straight for the spot where the haughty Stanley stood surrounded by a few of his trusty followers made straight for the spot where the haughty Stanley stood surrounded by a few of his guards. The assassin recognized him, and his cheek blanched with fear. Without heeding the exhortations of his comrades he field. The polished helmets and breastplates of the two horsemen fleamed in the light as they flew onward. The body of the troops was quickly passed, and the two commanders were flying alone over the field.

Stanley was a bold rider, and well mounted, and he had the advantage of a good start. Keeping to the water courses made by the tributaries of the Guarena, he turned towards the hills. For full a quarter of an hour be urged his steed for the passed, and halts for an instant to look back. Ho for Guarena, he turned towards the hills. For full a quarter of an hour he

iteeth: "Roojaraw! I rear ince not. It was may hand might not be stained with thy blood, that I field before thee!"
"Traitorous villain, thy miserable pretences shall not avail thee now! Be on thy guard!"
Both were excellent swordsmen, and gave and parried with equal coolness for a time, until at length Deroche began to press his foo. Thick and fast fell the blows upon helmet and gorget. Both had drawn blood and were excited to the utmost, when the Englishman, determined toend he fight instantly, raised his sword to strike the flank of his adversary's horse. But Deroche, by the aid of spur and bit, evaded the murder-ous thrust, and as the sword descended, dealt with his own good weapon a blow upon his adversary, which severed his armor, and pierced his back. Mortally wounded, Stanley recled from his horse and fell to the ground. Deroche dismounted and gazed into the face of his dying foe.

"Louis Deroche," whispered Stanley, faint from loss of blood, "I have deeply wronged thee. Thy brother's blood which stains my hand ries aloud for justice. Say that you forgive me, and then I may die happier!"
"Most readily do I forgive you. Would that my hand had been stayed!"
The dying man's breath came quick, and with difficulty he said:
"Lean towards me, for I must tell thee of a more fearful deed, while yet my breath remains!"
"Speak now it all! Make to it it! I know it all! Make it."

"Lean towards me, for I must tell thee of a more fearful deed, while yet my breath remainst"
"Speak not of it! I know it all! Make thy peace with God," answered Deroche.
"Then tell her that in my dying moments I repented the deed, and with my dying words asked forgiveness!"

repented the deed, and with my dying words asked forgiveness!"

As he spoke, his voice grew fainter—his head sank back upon the green sward, and the guilty spirit left its earthly tabernacle. Mounting his steed, General Deroche gazed for a moment on the corpse of his face, and exclaimed, as he rode way: "My vow is faitilled, and Isabella D'Arguilar is avenged!" Sorrowfully he moved back, through the seenes which he had passed in such through the seenes which he had passed in such through the seenes which he had passed in such haste, nor checked his charger, until he met the retreating column of his countrymen, defended by his brave Cuirassiers. The battle of Salamanca had been lost, but the oath of Deroche had been fulfilled.

Peace with its blessings was once more restored to sunny Spain. The wind once more rustled through the silken tassels of the ripening

corn now growing in the fair villages of Castile.

Brightly the light shone through the window
of an old Moorish castle, and many were the gallants and maidens who might have been seen
sauntering among the newly repaired walks and
grottoes of the court. Lightly the gay laugh
echoed among the arches and corridors of the
loftly hall. The hurrying to andério of fair maidens betokens the approach of extraordinary idecity to be a wedding, and everylody seems happy to
know that Isabella D'Aguilar is to be wedded
to Louis Dercoch. The peasantry of Navaladid
had long known that they were lovere. \*

There they stood in a balony adjoining, looking out where the distant Guarena, lighted up
by the silver light of the fall moon, wond in
way through the delicious valley of the Duero.

Never did maiden look more lovely than Isabella,
as she stood by the side of her brave and hour

New rainwags the delicious valley of the Duero-Newer did maiden look more lovely than Isabella, as she stood by the side of her brave and hand-some lover. With a look beaming with love, she gazed into his countenance, and then leaned pen-sive against the railing of the balcony. After gazing for a moment into the court below, and smiling with pleasure at the gayety of its occu-pants, she placed her jewelled arm in her lover's and they proceeded into the crowded hall. With happy hearts they step towards the altar where stands the priest of the most holy church, and in solemn silence their hands are joined together. Eagerly the joyous peasantry gathered round their lord and mistress, and many were the thank showered upon the maiden of Navaladid and the gallant Cuirassier of Salamanca. It was a joy-

Written for The Flag of our Union

### CURING A BLOOMER.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

JACK CARYSFORT was engaged to Miss Melinda Winkle, the only daughter of a retired merchant, when she was quite a child, and then started for Paris, where he was to study medicine for four years; at the expiration of which time, Miss Winkle would be inneteen, and ready to assume the duties of a matron. There was no necessity for Jack's studying medicine, as he had an ample fortune, but old Winkle insisted that he ought to have a profession. From time to time he heard from and of Melinda, and learned that she was growing up very beautiful, and co changed that he wouldn't know her.

His studies completed, Jack hastened home, and no sooner arrived in Boston, than he went in search of Tom Winkle, to learn how his sister had grown up handsome and attractive—sister had grown up handsome and attractive—sister had grown up handsome and attractive—sister had grown up handsome and attractive—

ter was—old Winkle lived on a fancy farm about forty miles from Boston. Tom told him that his sister had grown up handsome and attractive—that she had received a first rate education, and was witty and accomplished; but that she had been infected with the Bloomer mania, and nothing could cure her of her ridiculous determination to wear pantaloons, and adopt the habits of the ruder sex. He said that his father had remonstrated in valn, and that nothing could cure her of her fold; which was the said that his father had remonstrated in valn, and that nothing could cure her of her fold; his olemn engagement to marry Melinda, he resolved, if he failed to convert the young lady to his ideas of propriety by a system of tactics he had rapidly conceived, he would abandon her to some less fastidious suitor. Having imparted his project to Tom, he started by railroad for Winkle Lode, and in a couple of hours was shaken warmly by the hand by Mr. Winkle. The old gentleman prepared him for a great change in his daughter, and hoped he would not be too much shocked at her costume. So much premised, he introduced the lover to the presence of his lady and her cousin Maria, a very pretty girl, staying with her to keep he company. Melinda wore a jaunty black velvet riding-cap

we presence or us sady and her cousin Maria, a very pretty girl, staying with her to keep her company.

Melinda wore a jaunty black velvet riding-cap beneath which her hair appeared, cropped short like a mani's; a frock coat, buttoned up to the throat; a pair of faultiessly-fitting pantaloons, and little high-heeled boots. If she had been a vandeville actress, Jack would have been delighted; but he was very sory to see a lady so intimately associated with his happiness, in this equipment. She, however, was evidently proud of the independence she exhibited.

Jack hissed her; but he kissed her cousin, too, not entirely to the satisfaction of the Bloomer.

"I was just going out to shoot woodcocks?" said Melinda; "there's my gun in the corner."

"Do you ride as well as shoot?" asked Jack. "Do I ride," exclaimed Melinda. "I don't do anything else! I've just been putting myla horse up to stone walls; he'll make a capital fencer."

"Of course you discard the side-sandale?"

horse up to stone walls; he'll make a capital fencer."
"Of course you discard the side-saddle!"
"Not so bad as that," replied the Bloomer, slightly blushings.
"I'm going to see to my grapes, Jack," said old Winkle; "so you must take care of the ladies."
"Dear girl," said Jack, addressing Maria, when Winkle had retired, "though I humored Mr. Winkle's joke, when he introduced me, still the moment I saw you, I knew that you were none other than my Melinda—you are just what I have painted you in my dreams!"
"And who do you take me for, then, you blockhead!" asked Melinda.
"For just what you are, my boy!" cried Jack, slapping her on the back—"honest Tom Winkle! Handsome enough for a girl, to be suie, but altogether too rough for out."

t altogether too rough for one!"
"But I assure you, Mr. Carysfort-" said

"But I assure you, Mr. Carrena."
Maria.
"Don't assure me that you are not your own sweet self," said Jack, tenderly; "but tell me all about your life here. What a charming, retired place! How abundant is the country in resources for the gradification of true feminine tastes! With its birds and flowers for admiration and ealiture; its pleasant walks, its securition and enture; its pleasant walks, its serior for the pencil; and then books, music, and household work for in-door employment on rainy days and evenings. Such, doubtless, my

"But let me tell you, Mr. Carysfort—"inter-upted the real Melinda.

"Be quiet, Tom!" cried Jack, impatiently.

"Do be off with your gun-or go into the stable-you were always a troublesome boy. You must know I have a world of things to say to your sister."

"I shall stay where I am!" said Melinda, throwing herself into a chair, and rocking somewhat violently.

"Well, hold your tongue, then!" said Jack, traming his back on her, and continning to converse with Maria. "Dear Melinda," said he, the had accounts of trying to pass Tom, here, off as you, reminds me of the Bloomer mania. We had accounts of its in Paris, and it made the Frenchmen laugh consumedly at our expense. Once in a while you see a woman in the streets of Paris dressed in male attire, and such travesties are common in carnival time, but only circarded then by the license of the season."

"It is an abuard mania, to be sore," cried Maria.

"I am clad to hear you condemn it." "intromed."

"It is an absurd manis, to be sure," cried Maria.

"I am glad to hear you condemn it," returned Jack, warmly, pressing her hand, "for sooner than marry a confirmed Bloomer, I would bestow my hand and name on a street singer or a tight-rope dancer."

"Don't you want to look at the grounds?" said Melinda, in a subdued and agitated voice.

"I want to talk with your sister, you little reacal?" cried Jack; and taking her by the shoulders, he put her out of the room and locked the door on her was a surface of the shoulders, he put her out of the room and locked the door on her and the shoulders, he put her out of the room and locked the door on her and locked the front window-blinds, and saw Jack kissing Maria. It was part of his system.

At the dinner-table, Melinda appeared in the habiliments of her sex, looking very beautiful, hough it must be confessed, her eyes were allitude red and swollen. She blashed, and held out her hand to Jack.

"Amazement!" cried Jack. "Where's Tom it"
"Tom is in Boston—as you know very well, or ought to know," said Melinda.
"Then this lady—" said Jack, now turning to Maria.
"Is my cousin Maria, as you were told this

Maria.

"Is my cousin Maria, as you were told this morning, only you wouldn't believe it," said Melinda, reproachfully.

"I beg your parton, Miss Maria," said Jack, with a regainh winkle in his eye, "and I hope you'll excuse anything that passed between us."

"You owe the spology to me," said Melinda, nontine.

us."

"You owe the apology to me," said Melinda, pouting.

"How could I recognize you in that absurd costume?" asked Jack.

"My sentiments!" cried Winkle; "but she wouldn't listen to me. Hullo!" cried he, jumping up in alarm, "I believe the house is afree? Don't you smell a strong smell of leather and woolen burning?"

"I do!" said Maria, alarmed in turn.

"Shall I give the alarm "'s eclatimed Jack.

"There's no occasion." said Melinda. "Just how I threw a pair of boots, and some clothes I wanted to get rid of, in the kitchen fire—the owner having no further use for them."

"Pair of pantaloons among them ?" asked Winkle.

"Y—es," said Melinda, rather refuctantly. "They belonged to a Bloomer, who has given up business."

"Hurrah!" shouted old Winkle. "I see phrough it all. Jack's cured you, when every-body else had tried and failed."

"Will you forgive me!" asked Jack.

"There's my hand," said Melinda, frankly.

"I forgive you, and thanky you, too! The lesson was a sharp one, but I needed it to cure me of my folly."

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# - The Flag of our Tuion. - 32-

Written for The Flag of our Union.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE.

fe'er let a word of discord with you rise, To mar the feelings and destroy your rest; but, as a perfect mirror, let your eyes Reflect pure motives in each other's breast

Then, when the dark and gloomy night of sge Shall cast a shade around the scenes of life, Bright will be viewed on holy memory's page, The vow that made one husband, one a wife

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# ARNITA ZOLTAN.

### A LEGENDARY TALE.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON

Is the latter part of the fifteenth century, on the borders of the river Drave, in Hungary, near the village of—readers, I have forgotten the name, and have looked in vain for it on my map; I shall be obliged to give it ons, for I do not like to write,—near the village of —. The name has nothing to do with the interest of the story, so I will call it Carlstadt. Will it do? I will begin again.

story, so I will call it Carlstadt. Will it do? I will begin again.

In the latter part of the fifteenth century, on the borders of the river Drave, in Hungary, near the village of Carlstadt, there stood, at short distances apart, three castles. The one nearest he village was in ruins, and hanted, according to popular belief; the next was built on a rocky eminence, overelooking the little village, and was the stronghold of the robber, Count Arthpud; the third and farthest was the property of the good Baron Almarvitz, who was loved as much by the villagers as his neighbor, the count, was hasted and feared by them. The inhabitants of the Village were industrious, but very superstitions.

tious.

Arnita Zoltan was the only child of the widow Zoltan, and the beauty and belle of the place; also the difficulty of the place is also the diffineab bride of young John Dettold, the only son of the richest man in the place, and sequire to the Baron Almarvita. Count Arthupud had seen Arnita, and being enamored of her beauty, had used every persuasive art in his power to make her consent to become his, but with no success.

power to make her consent to begone his, but with no success.

At the time my story commences, the widow Zolan was very ill, and her devoted daughter, Arnita, in despair, was sitting by the side of her mother's bed, watching her as hes slept, when the door of the cettage opened, and there entered without knocking one of those seers or wis-ards, then so common. He was an old man, but firm and erect; his dress was of blue cloth, trimmed with a scarlet band, upon which were strange figures and signs; his face was remarkable for very heavy black cyclerows, from under which his eyes peered forth with a strange light.

"Daughter," he said, "your mother is very lib—Ill unto death; but you can save her if you have courage."

sum-at unto uean; out you can save neer if you have courage."
"Tell me how?" exclaimed Arnita, forgetting her previous fears of the intruder.
"If you have courage to pass the hours of midnight, seated on the Witches' Stone by the threshold of the haunted castle."
Arnita trembled violently as she heard the old wizard, and she replied:
"None have been known to pass the night there in safety; none that have ever sax on that stone have lived to say what they saw, nor have they ever been heard of afterwards."
"But if I gave you a charm by which you would be insured from all harm, would you then dare pass the night there?" and the old man watched her attentively as he spoke.

Arnita made no answer, but seemed to be weighing the chances in her own mind. Again the old man spoke, drawling, as he did so, a chain from his pocket.
"Look at this chain. Once round your neck, and he medallion in your hand, and no power of evil can touch you. You will hear all that passes, but be unharmed by anything. If you will obey my instructions, you will come back unharmed by anything. If you will obey my instructions, you will come back unharmed and find your mother well."

Arnita hesitated. She loved her mother beyond all things on earth; and she had a stout heart. With that talisman nothing could touch heart. With that talisman nothing could touch her; why should she not try it? Thus thought Arnita, after having looked at her mother, and seen the deathly pallor which seemed to be stealing over her.
"Here it is, daughter," said the old man, hanging the charm, to which was attached a star and cross, round her neck. "Do you hear what I say!" he asked.
"Perfectly," whispered Arnita.
"Upon your faithfulness in following all my directions, hangs your safety and that of your mother. At ten this night, your mands, evering your eyes. Strange noises you will hear—perhaps sweet music; but no matter what assails you, beware of giving way to curiosity and looking up. One look and you are lost. Remain till two. Take heed. Follow faithfully what I h

understand."

Arnita did so, but when she removed her hands the old man was gone. She sprang to the door, but he was away. Arnita was much less superstitious than any of the other girls of the village, and withal possessed rather a fancy for adventure. Her lover, John Detnold, being constantly with the Baron Almarvitz, who had no faith whatever in any ghost or apparition, had imbibed in a great measure his master's feet.

ings, and was accustomed to laugh at the stories of mysterious disappearances and haunted spots told by the old men and women in the village, and listened to with fear and wonder by the young people. Arnita was possessed of greater intelligence than most girls, and consequently agreed in part with her lover, and joined with him in laughing at the tales.

The hour for Arnita to encounter the spirits was approaching, and rising softly from her bed, and throwing over her shoulders a coarse cloak, with a beating heart she set out. The feeling she experienced was not exactly fear, though she trembled from head to foot as she approached the castle, and saw the Witches' Stone gleaming white in the moonlight. By a great effort she walked forward and seated her self-on the stone as directed. Before she covered her face she looked around. She saw nothing foar; but the broken pillars and stones shone white and spectral in the moonlight, while the entrance of the castle, which she was facing, was in a deep shadow. A chill crept over her, and she was on the point of running away, when the thought of her sick, perhaps dying mother, came over her, and resolutely diving away every fearful thought, she bowed her head upon her hands, and her vigil began.

Two hours passed, and as yet nothing had been heard to frighten her, when suddenly she heard a ruttling, and something brushed past her; then louder rustling, and a troop of spirits brushed past her; then all was still. Again she was startled by the sound of distant laughter, then pleased and surprised by soft music. Thus an hour passed, and alternately surprised and frightened, Arnita kept her post. At length a long silence ensued, and the ryoil's began to feel relieved, for she thought all her trials were over, when something seated itself by her side, and an arm was put round her waist, and a voice which sounded strangly like Count Arthpad's, said :

"Dear Arnita!"

"This then," she thought, "is my greatest trial.

and an arm was put round her waist, and a voice which sounded strangely like Count Arthpud's, said:
"Dear Arnita!"
"This then," she thought, "is my greatest trial. Some wicked demon has taken the form of the bad count, and will endeavor to bear me away." She clasped her charm firmer in her hand, and murmared a prayer to the Virgin for protection. "Look at me I" said the voice; "I am no spirit. I am the real Count Arthpud; fiesh and bones like yourself."

Faster and faster beats Arnita's heart, and faster and faster she repeated her prayers, and more tightly held her charm. Suddenly her hands were grasped and moved away from her face, which was so raised that she was obliged to look at the presence. Before her stood the hated count in a splendid frees, and a wicked smile upon his bold, had face.
"Foolish girl I didn't you know that it is after twelve, and that the spirits are no longer loose "Y. Arnita instantly knew that it was no spirit, and that she was completely in that bad man's hower. Her quick mind instantly suggested the cours to be pursued. Raising her head, which count had allowed to fall, she asked, with the count had allowed to fall, she asked, with

power. Her quick mind instantly suggested the course to be pursued. Raising her head, which the count had allowed to fall, she asked, with great simplicity:

"Are you really the count, and not a bad spirit in his shape,"

The count smiled, and replied:

"I am really the count, my perty girl; and I love you, and have come to take you away to my castle, where there will never be any bad spirits, and my pretty bird will have everything she wants."

she wants."
"I wont go," exclaimed the pretty Arnita, in
the tone of a spoilt child. "I say I wont go,
because I shall have to leave John Detnold, who
brings me pretty things from the baron's great

because I shall have to leave John Demold, who brings me pretty things from the baron's great castle."

"But, foolish child, I will give you better and prettier things. I will give you gold rings and bracelest, and velvet dresses," and street which would certainly win her.

"Gold rings and bracelets, and a velvet dress like your cloak!" Armita asked, with the smile and manner of a pleased child; and she stood up and passed her hand gently over his velvet cloak, smiling and saying, "Soft, soft."

Presently her manner changed, and putting on a coquettish, imperious air, and moving a little from the count, she said:

"Seat yourself on that stone, and give me that pretty cloak, now, that I may wear it and see how I like such fine clothes."

Amused and delighted with his easy conquest, Count Arthpud dia as he was told, and throwing the cloak over her shoulders, Arnita with a graceful step began to walk up and down in front of the count. Count Arthpud was a tall man, and Arnita a small woman, and the cloak reached half way down her skirs. Laughing, and looking mightily pleased, Arrita walked, looking first this side and then that. Hay amade herself in this way for a minute or so, she came to the count and feather, and a little jewelled dagger. Having amused herself in these, and paraded up and down before him a little more, she came to a stand before him, and replaced the hat upon his head; then taking the cloak off, she held it upon it is head; then taking the cloak off, she held it upon it is head; then taking the cloak off, she held it upon it is head; then taking the cloak off, she held it upon it is head, and turned and rain into the old castle.

It was with some difficulty that the count removed it, for the heavy clasps caught in his hair and not a first of the count removed it, for the heavy clasps caught in his hair and not the count and dense can to the count removed it, for the heavy clasps caught in his hair and the count removed it, for the heavy clasps caught in his hair and the count removed it, for the

ran into the old eastle.

It was with some difficulty that the count removed it, for the heavy clasps caught in his hair and parts of his dress. Having succeeded in removing it, he sprang forward; but the castle was dark, and he knew not which winding she had taken.

Arnita could not see her way, but having once

Arnita could not see her way, but having once entered the castle, she moved as slyly as a cat, feeling for some hold in which to hide herself, for, thought she, "he cannot see in the dark, and once hid I am safe." Alast poor girl. With one note of his horn the count summoned half a dozen men, and in one moment they were searching with torches in every nook and corner of the castle. Arnita knew all hope was gone, so firmly grasping the dagger, which she had aken care not to return to the count, she waited in fear and trembling. She had not long to wait, for there was a flash of light, and Bernsward, the count's steward, stood before her.

"Found!" he roared at the top of his lungs, and the sound was taken up and repeated by this echo and the other, till it seemed to the poor girl as if all the demons with which the castle was peopled, were now exulting at her

castic was peopled, were now exuting at ner capture.

The count was soon by the side of his stew-ard; his face looked black and fierce. Arnita gave herself up for lost. Very handsome did she look, her face thrown into bold relief by the dark wall of the castle, against which she was leaning, the ruddy, wavering light of the torches fisshing upon her, and her hand clasping the jewelled dagger.

'I have you now!' hoarsely exclaimed the count, "and you will pay dear for this."

'I will die!' wait the girl resolutely, and the dagger flashed brightly in the light as she raised her hand to strike her heart.

The blow did not reach its destination, for the steward seized her arm and wrenched the dagger from her.

The blow did nor reach its destination, for the steward seized he arm and wrenched the dagger from her.

"Die now "" smeered the count, as he caught her in his arms.

All hope of escape thus torn from her, Arnita sank into a swoon, and in this state was borne off by the followers of the count.

Let us now return to the invalid. Morning dawned, and when Madame Zoltan awoke, much refreshed by a good night's rest, her first call was for Arnita; but she did not make her appearance. It was very strange, for never had ber daughter thus absented herself, and the mother began to be alarmed. At noon, John Detnold entered the cottage. The widow told him of the absence of Arnita, and he, too, was much alarmed. While they were endeavoring to find some clue to her disappearance, the same old wizard, or fortane-teller, entered the cottage. It must be recollected that the mother was asleep when he made his visit the day before, and consequently she was much startled when he said to her:

"You mourn the disappearance of your daughter. If you will fill this cup with water, and bring it to me, I will tell you where he is."

So saying, he handed John a heavy silver cup, curiously carved, who returned it to him filled, with water. Drawing as earlief seather from his pocket, he began slowly to stir the water, droping from time to time littled square pieces of sil-

curiously carred, who returned it to him filled, with water. Drawing a seafle feather from his pocket, he began slowly to stir the water, droping from time to time little square pieces of silver into the cup. After looking at it attentively for a few minutes, he said:

"What I tell you is true. Last night, your daughter, having dreamed that by passing the night upon the Witches' Stone, at the castle and placed herself there. Shortly, dancers pass her; as off music enchants her; finally a demon, in the form of a handsome baron comes to her. He form of a handsome baron comes to her. He form of a handsome baron comes to her. He form of a handsome baron comes to her. He form of a handsome baron comes to her. He form of a handsome baron comes to her. He form of a handsome baron comes to her. He form of a handsome baron comes to her. He form of a handsome baron comes to her. He form of a handsome baron comes to her. He form of a handsome baron comes to her. He form of a handsome baron comes to her. He form of a handsome hard her hand a plendid castle, and she until hand her hand. The attendant demons haugh exultingly, and the castle is brilliantly yielded to the power of gold."

The temptation was too great—Arnita yielded to the power of gold."

The temptation was too great—Arnita yielded to the power of gold."

Young Demold, forgetting his sage, all but the words he had utered, sciench him by the collar, and shook him violently, almost yelling in his excitement:

"You lie! base knave!—thief!—traitor!—

"You lie! base knave!—thie!—traitor!— liar!—demon that you are!" What is the change which comes that makes that young man glare like such a tiger \* Unpre-pared for such a violent shaking, the cap, wig and eyebrows dropped from the wizard, and dis-closed the features of Bernsward, the steward. In one instant he was down, and the young Det-nold kneeling on his chest, with his poignard at his throat.

"Disclose where Arnita is, sir steward, or die!"

"Disclose where Arnita is, sir steward, or diie?"

The steward, though a great villain, was also a great coward. No more threats were needed. The steward, trembling as he lay, told of his visit the day before, and of the captare of the grid at night. While he was speaking, he had loosened one hand and got his knife ready to strike, but the other had perceived the action, and wrested the weapon from him. It was Bernsward's last hope, and when that failed him, he fill willing to disclose all—the place of Arnita's imprisonment, the pass word, and the number of armed men in the castle. John Detnoid then bound him hand and foot, and with the help of some of the other young men, he put him in a place of safery, leaving four men to guard him. Having accomplished this, Detnoid set ont at all speed for the baron's castle, and disclosed to him the base abduction. The good baron listened attentively, and appeared scarcely less excited than his esquire. One hour more, and the baron's men were all armed, waiting only for the darkness to set forth in. The count had a weak force, for more than half of his men were off on amarauding expedition, and trusting to the superstition of the villagers, he had not troubled himself to have even the few men he had with him, armed or ready to resist any attack. So said the steward.

him, armed or ready to resist any attack. So

himself to have even the few men he had with him, armed or ready to resist any attack. So said the stoward.

When night had fairly set in, the baron and his men began their march. At the gate of the count's eastle was only one man, the warder; to him Detnold whispered the pass-word, and bad him as soon as he unlocked the gate to hurry to the count with the message that his men were returning, laden with booty. The delighted warder hastened to obey, and while he was gone he baron and his men entered. In one moment all was confusion. Lights flashed from the windows of the castle, and the bell rang out the alarm. Taken by surprise, the count and his men, though the fought like demons, made no headway. The baron found that the steward had deceived Detnold, as to the number of men, and the odds were against him. Had the count and his men been prepared, it would have gone against the haron's party, but they being well sarmed and in order, slowly, but prereptily, gained ground. Pen cannot paint the confusion that prevailed. Dark and darker grow the light, the moon was obscured by harder. gamed ground. Pen cannot paint the contusion that prevailed. Dark and darker grew the night; the moon was obscured by heavy drift-ing clouds; the din of the struggle more deafen-ing each moment, and curses and prayers were mingled in strange confusion.

For a moment it seemed as though the robber-band would be victorious, for they had already killed many of the baron's men; but the men knew they were, fighting for their life and free-dom, and with that thought they fought right bravely. One instant more—one loud thunder-ing crash, and with a wild cry sounding high above the clash of arms, and the strife was over —the count was subdued; the baron and his men victorious.

en victorious.

The clouds which had overspread the heave The clouds which had overspread the neavers, now broke away, and the moon shone brightly out. Searching through the eastle much booty was found, which was divided between the men. John Detnold stopped not for that, but searched wildly through the apartments for his lovely Arnita. In a distant turret chamber he found her, awaiting with fear and hope the end of the strength.

awaiting with fear and hope the end of the struggle.

Twas a blessed and proud hour for young Detnold when he placed Arnita in her mother's arms. The village resounded with cries of joy, and John Detnold was hailed as their deliverer from a constant fear. The old baron blessed the lorers, and gave Arnita a handsome dowry.

When the sun rose the morning after the strife, it shone upon two descreted castles on the borders of the Drave, whose waters sparkled in the light, and seemed also to rejoice at the punishment of the count. The village became more flourishing, but the inhabitants continued just as superstitious, for the young men who were left to guard the steward Bernaward, found him istiment of the count. The village became more flourishing, but the inhabitants continued just as supersitious, for the young men who were left to guard the steward Bernsward, found him gone on the morning after the strife, and as each one declared that they passed the night with their eyes fixed upon the closet in which he was confined, never for an instant closing them, we are obliged to agree with them that the demons carried him off in a car of fame, and that he is added to the number of restless, bad spirits who haunt the old castle, and nightly circle around the Witches' Stone, which no jeering can abake their faith in, and which enjoys a far worse reputation than before. Arnita shakes her head when rallied by her husband, John Detnold, and says that there certainly were strange things passing her when she sat there so anxiously watching the dawn.

"There was ratiling of wings,

"There was a rustling of wings, As she sat upon the stone, And weird and witchlike things Passed her slowly one by one."

A TOAST.

A lady of San Francisco being invited to send in a toast to be read at the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, furnished this. It is spley enough to flavor half a dozen anniversary dinner. The property of the prop

# A WORD FOR HOUSEKEEPERS

A WORD FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Let us be thankful that butter is not an absolute necessity. Let us rejoice that potatoes are not so wonderfully wholesome after all. Let us entered the control of the property of

# NOT BAD.

The Piscataqua Observer is responsible for the

The Fieratsqua Observer is responsible for the following:

A grauleman called at a hut in the Aroostook Valley, and requested some dinner. The lady, her apouse being absent, refused to supply his wants for money or love of humanity letter, as he turned his footsteps from the inhospitable abode, "you will want nothing to cat to-morrow."

"Why not?" inquired the woman.

"Because," answered the weary man, "the lady and the state of the picest to man had been all the real of the picest to man had been done in the sad emergency. The prices endeavored to quiet her fears by telling her that God approximation of the state of the

### Jester's Dienic.

A certain member of Congress from one of the stern States, was speaking one day on some portant question, and became very animated, uring which sat a brother member, his oppo-nt on the question, smiling. This sannoyed were younder, and he indignantly demanded up the gentleman from — was laughing at

"I was smiling at your manner of making onkey faces, sir," was the reply.

"O, I made monkey faces, do I? Well, sir, you have no occasion to try the experiment, for tutne has asred you the trouble!"
The hanner was distinctly heard amid a roar I laughter, calling the house to order.

Sheridan was one day very much annoyed by a fellow member of the House of Commons, who kept crying out every few minutes, "Hear! describe a political contemporary that wished to play the rogue, but had only sense enough to play the fool.
"Where," exclaimed he, with great emphasis,

the fool.

Where, 'exclaimed he, with great emphasis, ere shall we find a more foolish knave or knavish fool than he?''
lear! hear!' was shouted by the trouble-member.

some member.

Sheridan turned round, and thanking him for the prompt information, sat down amid a roar of laughter.

One day a little schoolmate of Willie's was in here, and the two got to disputing about the number of days in the week; Willie persisted that there were seven, and his opponent stouly maintaining there were only six.
"Well," said Willio, "you say them over and So they were named and counted, from Mon-day to Saturday, inclusive; and then there was a pause, which Willie broke, by asying:
"And Sunday."
"It of "said his diminusive opponent, with a low process of the said of the said of the said of the other week."

A colored gentleman was looking through a graveyard fence upon the tomb-stone of a villager, who in life had been known as a rather close-fisted citizen, whose principal care had been "the greatest number," the greatest number, "the greatest number," and the greatest number, "the greatest number," and propose such that the propose such that the propose such control of the propose such contro

"He that given we had been a continuous of the c

Holmes thus comically inquires the whereabouts of the good far-gone days of childhood, with their freshness and brightness:

Where. O where are the visions of morning, Fresh as the dows of our prime? Gone, like tenants that quit without warning Down the back entry of time.

Where, O where are life's lilies and roses, Bathed in the golden dawn's smile? Dead as the bulrushes 'round little Moses, On the old banks of the Nile.

An old gentleman from the "rural districts," having been invited one Sunday by one of our citizens to attend divine service with him at a which, agreeably to modern custom, are left exposed, was asked:

"Well, Mr.—, how do you like the looks of our now church?"
"Well," was the reply, "arter ye git it lathed and planeted, it wont be a very unsightly lookin? censaars."

An old lady, possessed of a large fortune, and noted for her penchant for the use of figurative expressions, one day assembled her grand-child expressions, one day assembled her grand-child.

"My children," said the old lady, "I'm the root and you're the branches," "Grandmann," said one.

"What, my children," children much better the branches would flourish if the root was under ground!"

According to the newspapers, Mr. Hume, on the presentation of his picture, said that "his chief aim in life had been to promote the greatest good of the greatest number." The reports omit to state that Lord John Rassell here interrupted him with the question: "What is the greatest number?"
And that Mr. Hume, with great promptitude, replied: ""Number one," to be sure."

English Traveller.—"Hi say, sir, ham hi on the right road to 'Artford?"

Joseithan.—"Well, rou be."

Traveller.—"Ov far shall hi 'ave to go before hi get there?"

Well, if you turn recond and go 't-other way, may be poor! Ih ave to travel about ten mile. But if you keep on the way yeou are going, yeou'll have to go about eight thousand, I reckon."

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